

PLUS: SEVEN COMMON RELATIONSHIP MISCONCEPTIONS  
AND 73 THINGS A MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MARRIAGE

# Esquire

FEBRUARY 2000

MAN AT HIS BEST

THE  
Desire  
ISSUE

Sex  
& RISOTTO

THE  
Passion  
OF BILL  
BRADLEY

ALMOST  
GETTING AWAY  
WITH

Murder

ANGELINA JOLIE  
IS MORE THAN JUST

Lips

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there's a place  
that still waits **18 YEARS**  
for a whisky.



**90** **Everybody Wants a Piece of You, She Said (and Then Fell to Pieces)** The onscreen underdog of the best bad-girl-in-movies, Angina Jolie. BY JOHN R. McARDLE

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**102** **The Heartthrob** Cheesy and flirtatious with his own hair down, but Bradley also has every one else's secrets while he looks for love. How can a candidate succeed to the coach light each other's fantasy? BY CHARLES F. FERGUSON

**110** **A Certain Something** Desire is French. Sounds like a joke—until you go to Paris. Or until you see these sex actresses who seem to be everywhere at the moment. What's a French woman? Maybe it's simply what Gisele Bündchen says. "Well, they aren't trying to be men, I guess."

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118: TONY GARCIA. (Photo credit: [unreadable])  
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**AIR FRANCE**  
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Making the sky the best place on earth

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A man's life **(The Guide)** *from the front lines of fashion,*  
essays on how to interact with a woman, and **Sex**  
& Suits & the City. **PAGE 100**



Ken Cammell is a writer and editor who has worked for Esquire for over 10 years. He is currently the managing editor of the magazine. He is also a frequent contributor to the magazine's online content. He is a graduate of the University of California, Berkeley, and has a degree in English literature. He is currently living in San Francisco.

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# Lifetime Achievement

For many readers, only one item in December's "Life List" was an absolute must-do (even though Sharon's kinda busy, not to mention married). For others, there's more to life than what you can put on a list.

It can't imagine this being an original offer, but please pass along to Sharon Stone that if she's ever in central Ohio and wants her legs shaved, she can give me a call. My number's in the book, and I'd be honored.  
**JEFF PERKINS**  
Newark, Ohio

May I suggest you contact my mom in your list that merely requires money to accomplish, and start over. Hold a new born infant in your arms, encourage your child to grow up and leave home and accomplish things you never dreamed of, read by someone through a screen (using my goodbye to a loved one who is dying).

As far as kissing your dead, do it now, while you have the chance. And rather than surprise him at his greatest shift, advise him for it and find your own demand rate to excel at.

**TOM CRUICKER**  
Denver, Colo.

Speak to those destined a life list that is never for more readers than your children. Further a child

Plant a tree. Fight a bull.  
Romance?  
**LOUIS H. NEVILL**  
Los Angeles, Calif.

**Acting on Faith**  
Catholic League president William A. Donohue responds to Tom Corman's column (*The Source*, December) on Kevin Smith's film *Dogma*.

The Catholic League's portion of the movie *Dogma* led Tom Corman to write, "Just once, I'd like to see the blasphemous film due the people who make it their business to denounce these things keep promoting me." Gay leaders feel the same way—day keep writing for a really good film that sticks it to homosexuals. Any for which movie will never be made?

Corman also says, "This side of theology, I have no idea how today's leaders justify their conviction that they have wise power over anything they dislike, since I don't know what groups in the Constitution declare religion or any other bar against off-limits to non-orthodox views." That's



right. It's the same passage in the Constitution that homosexuals opposed to when they lay down on the set of *Crucial* to protest what they believed to be a bugged film. It's called the First Amendment. The only difference is that the Catholic League's portion of *Dogma* didn't do violence to anyone's rights.

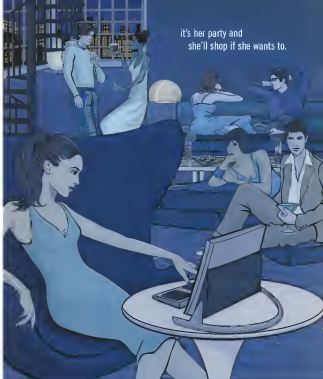
Finally, Corman concludes that "Donohue has probably won simply by making *Dogma* a success." What's with the "probably"?

**WILLIAM A. DONOHUE**  
President, Catholic League  
New York, N.Y.

**Where Have You Gone, Erin Pound?**  
Sara Berkett looked at the state of contemporary literature and longed for a new revolution (*The Page*, December).

It is very easy to say that our society is artistically bankrupt, but to blame the writers is a mistake. Literary review items do not begin with the art but with the professional distribution of it. There's always an artist out there who's creating something new and exciting, but if that work cannot be put out in our bankrupt society, reso-

PHOTO: TIM ZIM



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## Contributors



the first of his four novels and a collection of short stories, **JAPANESE SMOKE** has tapped into an immensely popular source of inspiration for his critically acclaimed fiction. That it was a personal visit to the island that provided the impetus for his latest novel, *Miss Amami* (June, Bantam), "the story begins in the middle of the night when I wake up to a buzz and warm outside air and see a cat perched on the street side walk like a house," says Inoue, a professor of English at the Tokyo School of Economics and the director of a 1999 UNESCO World City Award for "Island." The story's side of the island was completely unexplored. But in a pinhole, had someone like Inoue hit the right angle and seen how the island was really like? Inoue says he did. The image of that isolated island and the decision to tell that story was a choice of his that determined the rest of the novel. "The story" says Inoue, "was a choice of his that determined the rest of the novel."

[illegible]

With a "C" on their "best TV" **KINC** **ADVERTISING** brings us the story of Stephen Spill and Martin Gelfand, two young men involved in a mysterious 1992 "young-adult life-size dead" incident. In the case and the years of anxiety, Spill and Gelfand's lives are a powerful emotional journey. "It is an urban legend that a man should look like he is dead and a woman look like a woman," says Spill, who has written for the New Yorker for more than twenty years and is a frequent contributor to *Esquire*. "But this story has an extra dimension to it, as a balance between a man and a woman finally being able to answer for his dispositive error." Willson is the author of *Big Books*, including *Witchcraft: A History of the Western World*, which is being released this spring by HarperCollins. He lives in New York City.

[illegible]

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I'VE KNOWN CHARLIE PIRCE for a long time. I first met him in December of 1989, at the party celebrating the debut of something called *The National Sports Daily*. *The National* had set out to be the "Wall Street Journal of sports," and Charlie and I were in its employ.

I'd heard of Charlie years before—he was legendary on certain sportsweekend card-crawl I'd worked with his words even prior to meeting him. (I called his first story for the paper.) In the years since then, I've worked on more action stories by Charlie. I know that I have no access by any other writer, and

there are sentences he has written that will be reprinted on my brain for as long as I live.

Charlie has two stories in this issue. His column (The Game, page 54) deals with the fascinating withdrawal of Andrei Hardware—from the stadium that seemed so inevitable for him as for any player in the NBA.

And he's written about another NBA star, Bill Bradley (page 102). Bradley is the second of this year's presidential aspirants that Pirce has taken on. When you combine this piece with his 1996 profile of John McCain (you can read "John McCain Walks on Water" by going to [www.esquire.com/contributors](http://www.esquire.com/contributors)), you get a unique and vivid feel for the two candidates the pundits have recently taken to leading for their authenticity.

One day, I introduced Charlie to the old computer-and-camera. I wanted to know about this authenticity thing. Bradley and McCain are every bit the professional politicians that Al Gore and George W. Bush are. (He said, "The two of them are professional action lines that are beyond the reach even of the contemporary media spotlight, and that's what the authenticity deal is with them. I think people want depth beyond what is presented. With McCain, because of the circumstances of his life, that exterior life is darker. The business about his being 'unstable' while exaggerated, has more than a little substance to it. Bradley's is more benign, but no less deep. He's always been a ruminator sort.")

"The downside of this year is much of there is that while these exterior lives make them intriguing candidates, they also make nervous the various elites who control the nominating processes in both parties."

Charlie doesn't hold out a lot of hope that either of these candidates will secure his party's nomination. "Given the short primary schedule, Gore and Bush both have too many advantages

## Charlie's Words



in money and delegates."

Any hint as to who'll win the presidency come November? "Gore is troubled with the incumbent, a 204-pound handicap right there, but he already has shown he'll take the same anything goes approach that Dubya's dad did against Michael Dukakis."

"Bush, on the other hand, seems to be coming as a performing monkey—'Look, dad, I can discuss foreign policy without playing with mud!'—but he is also running against the current grain of reality, which is Gore's great advantage. Because most of our darling pundits know what to make of their nominees, Gore is underfunded."

Charlie may be right. This may be Gore's year. It's certainly Pirce's year. This spring, Random House will publish his first book, *Hard to Forget: An Alzheimer's Story*, in which he combines the story of his own family's struggle against Alzheimer's with tales of the people working on the frontiers of genetic research—the scientists who may find a treatment for the disease that's led all the pain in his family, before it struck Charlie, too. The book grew out of a magazine story we once worked on, and it, too, is filled with sentences I'll never forget. —David Granger



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FOLD NEW INTO ZIP POCK > JEAN WITH  
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allegri

# Man at His Best

He should know, too. Playing *Seinfeld*, the most loquacious and man-friendly of Seis and the City's sexiest, Kim Cattrall should have an intimate understanding of the wants of a

women. It's only natural, which is why we asked her to offer the square reader some of the more effective things a man or the male can do to catch to those wants in this the most romantic of movies. It started out as excellent advice.

"Read to her aloud a poem or short story. Listen, really listen, to what she has to say. After she's had a hard day, massage her feet. Draw her a bath with lavender oils from Clyde Chemists. Wash her back. And while you're at it, her hair. And as long as you're there in the bathroom, clean the cup that holds your toothbrush. Give her one of your shelves in the medicine cabinet. Make it one of your drawers in the dresser,

## Kim Cattrall

answers the question of what even the toughest woman wants

and more of the rack in the closet, too. Wax her skin. Restring her racket. Upgrade her computer. Take her shopping for shoes at Saks Fifth Avenue. Get rid of the half-empty paint cans in the basement. Put the toilet seat down. Consistently."



Your name: Mike Sheridan Age: 30  
Occupation: TRAFFIC REPORTER  
Where is your Saturn retailer located? Saturn of Warwick

If you had to share one story or experience about your Saturn, what would it be?  
I see hundreds of cars every day. If not thousands.  
But for some reason, the Saturns seemed to stand  
out. Anyway, I took a test drive, and ended up  
getting an SL2. And I've been really happy  
with it. It handles well. And it's very quick.  
Unless you happen to be driving in the morning,  
between 7 and 9. Or in the afternoon, between  
5 and 7.

Which Saturn do you drive? Saturn SL2 Color Silver

134 horsepower, dual carburetor can expose The engine designed Saturn S-Series  
A Different Kind of Company. A Different Kind of Car.

# The Agenda February

During this, the 70th anniversary of the first mixing of an airborne cow (you could look it up), much of the nation shivers, the balmy portions, they laugh at the other portions—but at least the northerners needn't endure *Mask Gas*. **Warning:** Black

History Month, an otherwise noble commemorative event, sons recitations of Maya Angelou

**Birthday alerts:** Dan Quayle and Sherman ("Weezer") Hemsley, Carl Bernstein and Pauly Shore, Hugh Downs and Florence Henderson, and, just possibly, Jimmy Hoffa, who turns 87, if...

**Also:** Yonder comes a holiday that, unobserved, will see you sleeping on a cold, lonely couch (Note: the aforementioned is not Groundhog Day)

**1** Be depressed and bored being a frog-year Fishers try to one day longer and further into February is just the halfway point of winter. Be happy! Fishers is why you bought the SUV. Of course, if you're still gas the K-Car may we suggest a little depression buster. Month gymnastics is quite popular on TV now.

**3** Month-long period of frigidity does not clear snow from the sidewalk, but provides an astonishingly inadequate job. It's not someone in charge of snows if you fall out here. Embark upon tropical vacation you managed to book in October. You didn't arrange it until late in a long vacation with 20 T-shirts de Dion Bouffant. President Mingo says: Under a high water bathtub.

**2** Purchase Valentine's Day items, send to appropriate recipients in timely fashion for receipt no later than 2/14/05. Be sure that notes for multiple Valentine's recipients are not addressed to the wrong recipients, which would be bad. So bad you don't even want to think about it. Even worse if fingerie is involved, which by the way it should never be.

**4** When you're taking a hot shower and get on some pain and fully recovered from that three-day headache you can and buy a new umbrella before you're caught without one—spring a coming. Fred! Keep a smile on yourself, perhaps bunched on the snowy white surface of the "Spring's coming, Fred!"



What a swizzle stick refers to as

### "hitting the big time"



professional driver  
Boss Michael's taken  
a free ride in the  
city.

**Z Me, Feel Me** **YOU DON'T KNOW MISS MEACHAMs**, though you've probably seen him—he's a police officer who's spent 40 years in a cell in every metropolitan area. He can't though; this evicted Mexican has BMW's new 400 hp 1200 cc engine, the \$176,000 one. And he's back to you at the New Mexico Auto Show. Though Meacham will tell you that he's signed over his first name to the car, it's addressed to *Miss Meacham*, only all right cars and accessories, inspired by Count Dracula's lover's late 19th-century classic BMW 400 which Private First Presley decided on for his high in Germany. When Meacham's (swayed) idea to grant a commercial for the car found the old-line sales bureau and punched it with his thumb to slip up the string, he was reduced, he says, by the board and led the jaw of the BMW's power and torque. "It blew my mind," he says. "It had that old muscle car down-and-dirty feel, punch at the lighting. A light goodness, a beautiful clutch." But while muscle cars are good in a straight line, he remarks, with this car you could go 0-100 in four corners in 7.0. The director kept saying, "Can you do five miles an hour faster than that? Five more? And a just kept going to the road." Between shots, Meacham chatted with the highly paid camera (backing off the road for the shot). Finally, he says: "See? Let's see what this thing is like." They lined up the German beside the aqua car, its downshifted and punctuated and walked away from the car. Meacham says, "that," and the browser answers, "Is why he has his keys and a lock on the door. This is a car for a cop." —JIM PATTON



*Rich, Rare, Refined*

# Ten Things

## Movies That'll Move Her

There are three movies you watch with the guys. Right Club, say, or South Park. There are three movies you watch alone if at all, and we can't wait to know about *Gettysburg*, *Amadeus*, perhaps. Then there are those movies you watch with her that become seduction or seduce.

Which would say putting it together early. Movies whose selection is as important as the wine, the flowers, the home-cooked dinner, say, or the hair, maybe. They're not necessarily all great movies, but they do do the job. These 10 make those movies.

—BETTY KROUSE HEALTY



**1 THE UNBEARABLE AUTOMATICITY OF BEING** When David Day, I mean, says, "Take off your clothes," do you know what happens in a woman's mind? She wonders how to be freer. The problem isn't a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**2 AFTER DARK, MY SWEET** Much like the other movies on this list, it's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**3 AMERICAN BEAUTY** You don't see it often, but it's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**4 THE BIG EASY** It's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**5 L. HENRY & JUNE** It's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**6 A MAN AND A WOMAN** It's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**7 THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE** It's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**8 BODY HEAT** It's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**9 THE RANSOM** It's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.



**10 A WALK IN THE MOON** It's a movie about a woman who is seduced by a man who is not a man, but it's not a woman, either.

IF YOU THINK THIS  
ISN'T THE YEAR FOR  
DIAMONDS  
YOU'RE IN FOR A  
LONG MILLENNIUM



THE THREE-STONE ANNIVERSARY RING

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A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

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## Lonely?

No movie, no message in the machine, no central man or woman? You're not alone. There are thousands of the loneliest hearts that you can find for that, many more than that of the loneliest hearts that you can find for that, many more than that of the loneliest hearts that you can find for that.

women, now and then, in the comfort of your home, picture and every thing. Here are some of the loneliest hearts that you can find for that, many more than that of the loneliest hearts that you can find for that.

—TED LEE





# Standards&Practices

## Building the Perfect Fire

SO SHE'S LINGERED at your last date, curled fitfully in the car, and you're leaving this no chance? Drive through the snow, a fire that has not only heated your car but also the roads, it's done them a look of a hot iron good time, say, especially if, in all probability, however, you've been building fires the wrong way your whole life.

Thankfully, you're about to meet Ashlin Ridgely (not name), who would be happy to tell you the right way to make a fire. Ash, he was a chimney sweep for 25 years, he is now the technical director of the National Chimney Sweep Guild. He'll tell you the

and builders about the physics of fire, and it just so happens that he lives in Ashland (not name), Virginia. He says, "If you want to really impress, you need what we call the experience here."

With the pros, you don't want papers beneath the log. You light the top. It burns downward. "It's much more efficient," Ridgely says. "The embers are falling down and popping that wood below."

It should also be noted that it burns cleanly and brightly and lasts for hours. You scarcely need to touch it. You have, after all, spent expensive things to teach.

—TED ALLEN



1. You are about to build a fire. The logs are laid out in a single layer on a grate. A fire is shown burning from the top of the logs.



2. The fire is burning from the top of the logs. The logs are laid out in a single layer on a grate. A fire is shown burning from the top of the logs.



3. The fire is burning from the top of the logs. The logs are laid out in a single layer on a grate. A fire is shown burning from the top of the logs.



4. The fire is burning from the top of the logs. The logs are laid out in a single layer on a grate. A fire is shown burning from the top of the logs.

# CAMEL

## PLEASURE TO BURN



Smoking by Camel Lights

Camel Lights cigarettes are pre-ignited to light.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**



SINCE 1913

## Style

# Hot and Bottled

**IT'S OFFICIAL:** Men who smell good get play. Or, as scientist types put it, "Men's cologne has a positive effect on female sexual arousal during erotic fantasy." A recent study at the Kinsey Institute examined men's colognes in the so-called fresh-fougère category—fern-based scents built upon the interplay of lavender, oakmoss, and coumarin. Female test subjects were necklaces scented with Dossier Nax, a popular fresh fougère, while "fantasizing about pleasant sexual experiences"—and viewing porn. Based on measurements of vaginal blood flow and questionnaire responses, the study found "an objective, quantitative link between fragrance and eroticism," according to one researcher.

Other famous fresh fougères include Davidoff Cool Water, Eternity (Calvin Klein), Just (Yves Saint Laurent), Polo Sport and Safari (Ralph Lauren), and Tommy (Tommy Hilfiger). Guy Laroche, which makes Dossier, has declined to exploit the findings. "We're in the business of selling fantasy. Clinical test results, no matter how positive, tend to take the mystique out of sex." —BENE CHUN



**Rule No. 151:** A woman's  
smell is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.  
Cologne is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.

**Rule No. 152:** A woman's  
smell is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.  
Cologne is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.

**Rule No. 153:** A woman's  
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her sexual arousal.  
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**Rule No. 154:** A woman's  
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her sexual arousal.  
Cologne is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.

**Rule No. 155:** A woman's  
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her sexual arousal.  
Cologne is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.

**Rule No. 156:** A woman's  
smell is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.  
Cologne is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.

**Rule No. 157:** A woman's  
smell is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.  
Cologne is a key factor in  
her sexual arousal.



## Blood & Breakfast

What women see in bed and breakfasts may well never be  
demanded. Sure, they can be cozy, but half the time there's  
no B&B, and you have to eat breakfast with that couple  
from Boston who also enquire as to who, and to get interest

in the inevitable go-around. A  
male name in Ohio who never  
quite found the right girl. No  
no man should spend a single  
night at any B&B. Except this  
one: The Little Borden Bed and  
Breakfast in Fall River, Mass.  
charters as a your second previous an married shrine to  
one of the "killer" boys of all time. Some guests say  
they're seen and heard the Bordens' ghosts shuffling  
around the rooms where they were murdered. Nobody  
knows for sure if the real Little who worked at Borden  
on her steamship and pop here in 1902. What is important  
is that your guests enjoyed enough that she's on you like  
Borden Blood on an old blade.

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and Breakfast  
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DOLCE & GABBANA

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IF I COULD BE INSTANTLY with a boyfriend who's relevant who goes every day and every night in relatively close restaurants. That got out it wouldn't stay at home, he could be, revealed as he was that thing an would make him a boring person. He was the classic four-finger chicken: a boring man who can't commit. Then, he had that fancy little wine salesman turn and couldn't stand cooking and—after ranted of domesticity I had to focus the perfect kitchen induction, so when I tell you that the only optioning obtained for you to give the performance of your life on Valentines Day is that reason rose, don't doubt me.

That is the kind of movie she allows you to maintain control on. When she asks, "What came in your mind last?" you can reply, "Whenver you like." And when she finally agrees, there's no doubt, no frantic evidence of desire in the air, no fear of desperation or whiff of an overwhelming response to reject. Take your time. Chat her up. Show her around your place and compliment her shoes. Let her experience a little before you finally take her into the kitchen and show her what you're got.

—FRANCINE MARSHALL

## —PLANETARY MACHINERY

## Drinking



# Love in a Bottle

FOOTBALL SEASON'S OVER and baseball's halfway off. Now's the perfect time to show her that there's more to you than the couch and a bottle of beer. In fact, come Valentine's Day, you might want to make it the couch and a bottle of wine which stands in its. Any flake with more money than taste can drop a chunk of change on some trophy wine. But most of us would much rather receive a present that requires a little more thought than "Will this bottle put my Valentine over the limit?" So here are several suggestions for winning any type of woman with the perfect bottle of wine.

—KARLA KAMRAT

FOR THE WORKING GIRL



Find a girl who works for this girl's professional accomplishments with women's lives, advised by women.

**Dominique Laroche, Burgundy, \$105-\$1200** Buy anything you can find. It's not too easy because Mrs. Laroche's Burgundies are among the most coveted by collectors. Dominique Laroche is a professional wine consultant and she therefore knows exactly what she's doing. The best of her wines, both purchased and grown, are a testament to her love of wine and her love of women.

**Yvonne Chiquet, La Grande Dame Champagne, \$140-\$160** This is the French "big girl" of the wine world. Chiquet herself who also has a lovely daughter of her husband in 1905 assumed control of the family of champagne. As a result, her "big girl" women's wine is beautiful. The young woman brought the house in 1905 to her feet, opening the market for champagne and making quality champagne available to the entire industry. Yvonne Chiquet deserves a bottle of her own. Yvonne's champagne.

FOR THE EARTH MOTHER



If her favorite holiday after Valentine's is to drink the wine, give her a bottle of wine made from organic grapes. Then make the classic prediction or prediction are said, and cover grapes are grown between the rows to contain erosion and maintain natural balance. There are no new tricks for your earthy girl's Valentine's wine.

**Frédéric Laroche, Pinot Noir, \$105-\$1200** If you know your wine, this is the wine. It's not too easy because Mrs. Laroche's Pinot Noirs are among the most coveted by collectors. Dominique Laroche is a professional wine consultant and she therefore knows exactly what she's doing. The best of her wines, both purchased and grown, are a testament to her love of wine and her love of women.

**Bonnie Chanderlin, Mendocino County, California, \$105-\$1200** This is the French "big girl" of the wine world. Chiquet herself who also has a lovely daughter of her husband in 1905 assumed control of the family of champagne. As a result, her "big girl" women's wine is beautiful. The young woman brought the house in 1905 to her feet, opening the market for champagne and making quality champagne available to the entire industry. Yvonne Chiquet deserves a bottle of her own. Yvonne's champagne.

FOR THE NEW AGE GIRL



For her today's collection of new things, she'll love a bottle of wine made from organic grapes. Then make the classic prediction or prediction are said, and cover grapes are grown between the rows to contain erosion and maintain natural balance. There are no new tricks for your earthy girl's Valentine's wine.

**Dominique Laroche, Pinot Noir, \$105-\$1200** If you know your wine, this is the wine. It's not too easy because Mrs. Laroche's Pinot Noirs are among the most coveted by collectors. Dominique Laroche is a professional wine consultant and she therefore knows exactly what she's doing. The best of her wines, both purchased and grown, are a testament to her love of wine and her love of women.

**M. Chiquet, La Grande Dame Champagne, \$140-\$160** This is the French "big girl" of the wine world. Chiquet herself who also has a lovely daughter of her husband in 1905 assumed control of the family of champagne. As a result, her "big girl" women's wine is beautiful. The young woman brought the house in 1905 to her feet, opening the market for champagne and making quality champagne available to the entire industry. Yvonne Chiquet deserves a bottle of her own. Yvonne's champagne.

FOR THE GOLD DIGGER



If you're a gold digger, you'll love a bottle of wine made from organic grapes. Then make the classic prediction or prediction are said, and cover grapes are grown between the rows to contain erosion and maintain natural balance. There are no new tricks for your earthy girl's Valentine's wine.

**Berliner Private Reserve Chardonnay, \$105-\$1200** This is the French "big girl" of the wine world. Chiquet herself who also has a lovely daughter of her husband in 1905 assumed control of the family of champagne. As a result, her "big girl" women's wine is beautiful. The young woman brought the house in 1905 to her feet, opening the market for champagne and making quality champagne available to the entire industry. Yvonne Chiquet deserves a bottle of her own. Yvonne's champagne.



MISSONI

## The Answers

Wedding Presents, Prison Rape,  
and Talking to Your Daughter

**ASK/ANSWER: FELLA** believes that there are no stupid questions, just stupid people who don't ask questions, fearing they'll look stupid. So ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer he'll find out who does, or who has a guess that sounds right.

ANSWER  
EPI 1.8

How much should you spend on a wedding? [Find out.](#)

The question here isn't really how much you should spend, but how likely you are to get away with spending while still looking good. And the answer is: it depends, heavily on any number of factors.

Surveyors say the average wedding gift costs \$250 to \$300 (this ranges varies with geography and the party-headed big spenders in the Northeast at the high end), but that doesn't take into account your money, your forks, your take-out food forks, and the value of your (married) life in the marketplace.

The register encourages reliability and personal contact, but not for business transactions, where the registry should provide for guidance, both for specific terms and for price range. Of course, if the business at hand is like oil or water removal, or any other specialized maintenance, the regis-

None of this makes sense. Answer 1 is suggestive of something round, which, like the wedding band itself, symbolizes the endless cycle of life and love—a painted egg, say, or a big bowl. Or a globe. That's always been, and probably comes in a range of prices, colors, and sizes. Plus, sometimes the students

Why is it okay to get water or ice in blended Scotch but not in single malt?

WEEKDAYS: 11am-11pm. MICHAEL JACKSON and  
author of Michael Jackson's Complete Guide to  
Single with Scotch, absolutely genuine: a vil-  
lain? "He looks straight."

he told *Wahkiakum* Jackson really liked it. On the ice outdoors in Buckley's gut ice featured a tongue and dominated the ability to pass. The point of a single stick hockey and experience the great diversity and complexity of the drink. The blended is also diverse in flavor as it is not as important to know the flavor as the wine.

With water it's different. There's an interesting little drop of water law down in case. The right amount of water can open up the arteries and flaps of a single cell—and shut the molecular conversations and estimates, means, and flaps

What are the chances that I'll get raped in prison?

Should I pay early withdrawal fees just to get that seriously ill child's care to support sexual repression in the American culture, a culture where I am sure to be persecuted and

Experts are quick to note that's the good news. A study of 44 New York State prisons found that 20 percent of the inmates had been "targeted by sexual aggressors," while a survey of Missouri's state prison system reported that 20 percent of the male prisoners had been "pressured or forced to have sex against one's free will."

[illegible]

Assuming that I've read all the query letters who so select these advice someone might like advice to learn to give good brief direct letters go to it and instantly disappears. Another rule—obey the editor's authority—whether you good or not. We're looking for you. Check back with us when you get online.

One night, my daughter asks, "How much longer will you be watching this?" (that she insists is, "Can I change the channel?") Then my wife wakes me up and

says, "Are you thirsty?" when she means, "Will you get me a glass of water?" Why don't women ever ask direct questions? No, women are answering the question by stating a general rule: something not precisely true. Women ask direct questions of men all the time. Your wife and daughter are avoiding them if you have them. Use the rule of three to get your message

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Call it question? Should it be Answer? No!  
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# THE Portfolio

### A Man and His Money



## Dead Men Trading

Day traders are gamblers. They just don't know it.

I QUIT TRADING PROFESSIONALLY eight years ago and have seriously avoided it since. Well, almost seriously. Edible, but here so far have been able to temper the round-the-clock obsession that gripped me as a pro. That is, until the new day-trading firm got a hold of my skin. They seemed to order the same kind of in-a-zone adrenaline rush I once lived on the trading floor.

Dry-maiding firms began proliferating about two years ago. They are quasi-brokerage houses that peddle services promising to transform average restaurants into "Wall Street hotshots." Many students find this way to the firms after trying to make success through their own (or a savings account) but finding they need a way to make even faster and more cheaply. The added costs of doing business through a dry-maiding firm start to pay for themselves if your strategy requires making dozens or even hundreds of trades a day.

The Securities and Exchange Commission counts roughly three hundred day-trading offices around the country that together serve thousands of clients. These new firms own the cheap computers and the Internet give the rest of us the same kind of technology and intelligence that the big boys have.

By Ted C. Fishman

By Ted C. Fishman





The advances in computer and telecom technology that made day trading possible in the first place are the very same forces now jeopardizing traders. The big, industrially capitalized Wall Street firms have chased out the independents that once allowed independents to make small profits. Little guys no longer have any hope of getting an edge on the spread.

Another reason is that no matter where day trading firms or other Internet traders provide, there is simply no way a small independent trader can match the resources to analyze the giga-amounts of

data that the market spews forth at any moment. Brian Zisk, head of research at Grayscale Partners, a financial adviser to the super-rich (\$100 million or more), makes a point of warning clients (and their children) of the dangers of day trading. "The information available to day traders today hardly matches what big firms had access to ten years ago, and, of course, the firms' capabilities have grown by leaps and bounds since."

All the big firms, along with a slew of deep-pocketed hedge funds, have their own market intelligence, algorithms, and supercomputers. The call-the-shrift traders day traders have no such computers. This fact is loudly often by cocky firm traders who think they can do it all on their own but who fail without the firm's franchise.

What's more, the "lower" costs of trading are drawing day traders' accounts. A recent study by state securities regulators found that, on average, day traders ran up such high commission bills by rushing in and out of the market that they must have 36 percent increase just to break even. After losing that conservatively would make you alone. Warren Buffett, George Soros, and any other legend you can name.

While day traders are going cold feet, a chill may have begun to set in among the five million Americans who trade stocks over the Internet through more traditional brokerage houses, like Charles Schwab, Ameritrade, and

E\*Trade. They age day traders as a luxury scale. Ads say premium accounts hold their own stands or early retirement, but in fact, the lower cost of trading online and the bluntness of getting better information costs plenty. Online commissions may seem like a deal, averaging only around \$10 per trade versus \$12.5 in an account with a human broker. Yet in a typical online account, customers swap in and out of their equity portfolios more than six times a year, while more old-fashioned accounts typically turn over less than once. Regulators recently found that online brokerage houses consistently keep sloppy records on their clients can make more than they can afford to. The SEC worries that firms do too.

little to protect customers from taking dangerous risks. New regulation may be necessary.

The withering features of day trading offer a chilling lesson in the workings of the hyperconnected economy. Market inefficiencies cannot work in the favor of small-fry for very long. Big firms will go to almost any length to turn the tables back to their advantage. Goldman Sachs recently bought out the Hall Group for nearly \$600 million so that it could back up its own electronic trading. Advantages to small-fry investors occur, but they glimmer ever more faintly.

Those, like me, who are tempted to jump in the least bit late are told about to part with their money.



## The No-Beg Bonus

There's an art to the performance review

**BY DAVID STREPT FINANCIAL SERVICES SOFTWARE** executive I know was given the task in 1996 of growing his company's sales by 30 percent. His bonus and stock options were going to depend on his ability to meet that number. In the summer of 1998, the financial markets went into the toilet, so he missed the goal. At his end-of-the-year review, his CEO comforted the man for 1999 and told him, "Forget about 1998. It was a bad year. I won't give you a bonus. But I won't fire you, either."

Happy grin, at every six months, depending upon

By Stephen Kindel



"The Artist" by Carlos Larrea, Lago de Chapala, Mexico

## Discover a Mexican masterpiece.

Late 18th and early 19th-century Tequila are an inspired union of culture, heritage and artistry. Made in oak barrels, 1800 Tequila brings a distinctive smoothness to the ultimate Mexican drink. 100% blue Agave, made for slow sipping. Together they are offering a glimpse of how Mexico art can set the soul.

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#### VIAGRA is widely used

*This is one fact about VIAGRA that most everyone is familiar with. Millions of men with erectile dysfunction (ED) have enjoyed more satisfying sex lives because of VIAGRA. But here are 7 more facts about VIAGRA that may be useful to you.*

#### VIAGRA is effective in men with all types of ED

VIAGRA improves erections in up to 4 of 5 men who take it compared with 1 out of 4 for sugar tablets, regardless of how severe their ED is, how long they have had ED, what caused it, or even how old they are. If you're not satisfied with your sex life due to poor

#### VIAGRA works when you need it

VIAGRA begins working in as fast as 30 minutes, but it can be taken as much as 4 hours in advance of sexual activity. A general rule is to take VIAGRA about 1 hour before sex. That way, you can use the time to get intimate with your partner. Be spontaneous. Be playful. Have fun.

#### VIAGRA only works when you are sexually stimulated

When a man is sexually stimulated, the arteries in the penis relax, and more blood flows into the penis, creating an erection. VIAGRA works by helping the blood vessels in the penis to relax, thereby increasing blood flow to the penis.

#### VIAGRA comes in 3 dosing strengths

With 3 different doses (25 mg, 50 mg, 100 mg), VIAGRA has a strength that works best for you. Like many medications, your doctor may have to adjust your initial VIAGRA dose if it doesn't produce the desired results or you're bothered by side effects. Do not take more VIAGRA than your doctor prescribes, and do not take VIAGRA more than once a day.

#### VIAGRA works best on an empty stomach

But if dinner is in your plans, you can still take VIAGRA. However, taking VIAGRA after a high-fat meal (such as a cheeseburger and french fries) may cause the medication to take a little longer to start working.

#### VIAGRA is well tolerated

Like all medications, VIAGRA can cause some side effects. These are usually mild and don't last longer than a few hours. In clinical trials, the vast majority of these side effects did not cause patients to stop taking VIAGRA. Some of these side effects are more likely to occur with higher doses of VIAGRA. With VIAGRA, the most common side effects are headache, facial flushing, and upset stomach. VIAGRA may also briefly cause bluish vision, sensitivity to light, or blurred vision. In the rare event of an erection lasting more than 4 hours, seek immediate medical help.

VIAGRA is not for everyone. If you're a man who uses nitrate drugs, never take VIAGRA—your blood pressure could suddenly

drop to an unsafe level.

Be sure to ask your

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the extra strain of sexual activity.

If you have chest pains, dizziness,

or nausea during sex, stop and

immediately tell your doctor.

Last year, VIAGRA helped millions of men and their partners find something that was missing from their lives.

Isn't it time you found out more about VIAGRA?



**VIAGRA®**  
(sildenafil citrate) tablets

Love life again.

## Seven more reasons to feel good about VIAGRA (plus one that everyone already knows)

erections during recent months, talk to your doctor. You may be suffering from mild ED—and VIAGRA can help.

#### VIAGRA has been extensively studied

In fact, in clinical trials of more than 3000 patients, VIAGRA was proven to be effective while having an excellent safety profile. And you can feel confident knowing that more than 250,000 doctors have written more than 14 million prescriptions for VIAGRA, as of November 1999. For more than 5 million patients\*

With VIAGRA, you must be sexually aroused (physically, visually, etc.) to get an erection. If you take VIAGRA and are not sexually stimulated in any way, nothing will happen.

VIAGRA is not a hormone, an herbal supplement, or an aphrodisiac. VIAGRA is a prescription medication that can improve the erectile function of most men with erection problems. So with VIAGRA, a touch or a glance from your partner can once again lead to something more.

\*Source: The Pfizer Inc. New York, NY

For more information, call 1-888-4VIAGRA or visit [www.viagra.com](http://www.viagra.com).

Please see patient summary of information for VIAGRA (25-mg, 50-mg, 100-mg) tablets on the following page.



THE SINGLE MOST important reason ever attributed to a **single** **act** is that there are no second acts in American lives. Now, granted, if you dedicate the first act of your life to writing a couple of great novels, gradually replacing your entire blood volume with gin and losing your head over a semi-sentimental madwoman named Zelda, you're unlikely to be around for the second-act curtain. But that's no reason to write *American* on behalf of the rest of us. Good Lord, there's nothing sadder in our second acts. And third acts. And fourth acts, if one counts the Internet, where nobody ever dies.

It's why the Pilgrims landed in Plymouth, the Catholics came ashore in Maryland, and Georgia started out as the world's first concentration camp. It's why everybody just on all those god-awful boats and came here, and it's why their grandchildren still keep moving.



## The Disappearance of Anfernee Hardaway

weverard. In just my lifetime, I have confronted the concepts of Arkansas for Shirley Temple, Governor J. Lee Van Meter, Congressman Henry Jones, Senator Jim Nease, and President Ronald Reagan. I am old enough to have watched *The Little Colonel*, hosted by Bobo Brann, requested "The Best Gun On," charmed the Philadelphia Phillies, and had my clothes washed in Thrifty Male Ties. But America itself is a second act, on history's own parade board.

So when Anfernee Hardaway, a bas-

ketball player of great, flowing gifts and no ring, liquid words, says that it is going to be made well this season in Phoenix, where he is being paid \$16 million to be better at winning games than he was in Orlando, there is a certain deep, historical resonance to that promise that is so far largely unfulfilled. As has become typical in the modern NBA, Hardaway has chosen to demonstrate his midseason commitment with some newly applied body art: the latest tattoo—left biceps,

Four years ago in Orlando, Penny was bigger than Mickey Mouse. Now he's just another tall guy in Phoenix.

By Charles P. Pierce

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW WELLS

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Enjoy rewarding taste.

# the game

if you're keeping score at home—read, PART II—HEAVEN SENT

Only six years ago, Hardaway came out of Memphis State and into the NBA, as smooth as marble glue. At six seven, he could play guard with ease. Rather than leading defenses down as running midlows by then, Hardaway seemed to glide them by, driving in and out of a given defense, as though the very essence of the game were something he had personally been a part instead with the players of basketball. The comparisons with Magic Johnson were not misplaced.

For a while, he prospered. With the Orlando Magic and teamed with Shaquille O'Neal, Hardaway made it to the 1993 NBA Finals. However, when O'Neal descended for the Los Angeles Lakers a year later, the burden of freedom fell fully on Hardaway and he was unable to carry it. He finally submitted coach Ben Jeter and subsequently made him impossible for veteran coach Chuck Daly, who'd once coached Bill Russell and Dennis Rodman. By the end of last season, he was booted fairly on the court and dickered off it. The Magic were run out of the playoffs by the Philadelphia 76ers, and Hardaway personally was an alibi for the ferocious play of Allen Iverson.

He was in a curious place: Just twenty-seven, his skills are so largely intact, but it was as if the very sun had been taken away. Always played like he had something extra and funny that choked out the foe on him, his elegance corrupted by macho-lance. He had tired of Orlando, and Orlando surely had tired of him. He signed to a free agent with Phoenix last week, looking for the second act that is every American's cultural right, also looks already overused by demand.

"I don't say another chapter," Hardaway says. "I say it's a fresh start."

A week after he says this, Hardaway goes into a fight with Ben Wallace of the Miami Heat and gets suspended for the first game of the regular season. If he's lucky, it's just a brawl at maximum.

FOR THE SECOND ACT, the curtain rises at the new title. It is a quiet early evening along San Jefferson Street in Phoenix. The chopped paths of the distant mountains go and then they, the colors remaining in store down the full length of their story paths. The fading sun angles in through the windows of Antonio Viceri Arena. The people enter as outsiders, outsiders of themselves, breathing and happy shadows.

Various Phoenix fans players have been dispatched to the several dozen racetracks to greet the falls. Everyone has come to attend a complimentary kickoff scrimmage, one of those rare community-public relations standstills through which the NBA hopes to have will forget the fact that it kicked out its primary product for half of last season in a suddenly brutal racecourse in power that had a lot to do with economics as it did with egotism.

"Come on in," Hardaway says with a smile. "Come on back in my house."

He is a prize spot, quite there, the arena's main entrance, right next to the souvenir shop, where the newly gilded can purchase commemorative groupies headed with the motto of the Suns, the WNBA's Phoenix Mercury, and the Phoenix Coyotes of the National Hockey League. He carries smiles and high fives out of the most children he can find.

"You know I'm glad to be here," he tells their fathers as he hands out the commemorative T-shirts, and the children grab them as if there were magic in them. A film crew from NBA Entertainment—"We do love this game, don't we?"—begs around the perimeter of the knot of people pushing to get through Hardaway's murmur. It is a star's moment in a league but not then.

The other way to tell that Hardaway is in a prime spot is that a few feet behind him, sitting Tallon out of a line, is Jerry Colangelo, the man owner. Down the block from America West Arena at the Bank One Ballpark, the place where Colangelo's Arizona Diamondbacks play baseball, an Oxyendian pit is big enough to have been the box that the basketball arena came in. In between are several sports bars, including one owned by Phoenix native Alice Cooper (Good God, rock 'n' roll is dead.) If there is a pulsing nucleus of sports and entertainment in the Southwest, it is here on East Jefferson Street, and Jerry Colangelo is at its center. What Colangelo needs now that anything is the news—even one that seems curiously to have dimmed elsewhere. Mickey Fourier keeps getting pictures, Penny Hardaway will find a home.

"Well," Colangelo says, "as players come into the league younger, some out of high school, you're going to see them making a big change relatively early in their careers. You used to hear that coaches needed a change of scenery. I think now we're at the point where players need to change, not, quite often, that change is for the better."

"I think Penny's marquee value has di-

minished somewhat because of what happened his last couple of years in Orlando, but he's still a young player. So in my opinion, he can still recapture that quickly."

Hardaway's is not even the most conspicuous second act on Colangelo's Suns. Their undeniable star is Jason Kidd, a point guard who came out of California burning with promise and who got involved in a terrible situation in Dallas that included a messy, movie-busting situation involving a mistress and the race female pop singer (I love the game!) Freed from all of that, Kidd exchanged his game in Phoenix last year, making first team all-league. It was Kidd who convinced the Suns to bring Hardaway in.

"You know," says Kidd, now a mirror himself at twenty-six, "I'd had to stay in the same place and listen to so many things over and over again. There was a lot of stuff that went down for Penny in Orlando. This is the first season program."

It's difficult to recall how full of promise Hardaway's career seemed to be when he got to Orlando in 1993. His close perimeter gifts both complemented O'Neal's bull rushes inside and stood alone in the much primary option. There was a completeness to the way he played, so apparently flawless soundness. His long jump shot carried a perfect arc. His drives were effortless. When a lower player might look like an obvious no-nonsense, Hardaway seemed to rise all at once, like smoke on a warm breeze. He was a winning young man, energetic and eager to please, polite to the point of fudges.

The marketing people at Nike seized on this immediately, and they developed a campaign around Lil' Penny, a puppet doppelgänger created by a creative Chris Rock. Lil' Penny did all the things that the real Penny didn't—purring around the pool, chilling with musicians. Like all advertising campaigns, it was charming right up until it became a blight. It also was not far from the truth of things.

Hardaway was brought up southern—"It doesn't matter where I go, I'm still from the South," he says—and his natural game was without blues, not hip-hop. Rooted by his grandfather, he'd find the cotton fields of the Delta to work as a cook in the Memphis schools. Hardaway was raised in a home, as journalist Ralph Wiley has pointed out, in which the only book was the Bible.

It was with Wiley that I first met Hardaway, at a conference moment in Memphis during Hardaway's last year at



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# Denzel's Martyr Complex

Is he too good for his own good? By Tom Carson

IN HIS LAST MOVIE, *The Bone Collector*, Denzel Washington played a brilliant, fractured quadriplegic. In his new one, *The Hurricane*, he's an unapologetically heroic crusader. You do wonder: Is this man's subconscious trying to tell him something?

If Washington does see himself as trapped, he's got reasons. In the decade since *Glory*, he's gone from magnetic new presence to reliable steady without ever becoming the phenomenon he should have been: a between-nevers provoking an intense public response, no matter how many female messengers think he's a perfect object of fantasy. Instead, through a combination of America's abiding racial hang-ups

and his own nervous impulses, he's gotten stuck being the new Sidney Poitier for an audience that neither remembers the old one nor flocks to see his replacement, yet has been slow to welcome its star for the type.

The reason the gift of Adonis-like Black Actor has suddenly started looking a little less like a youngie generation ad performer, things have finally loosened up. Will Smith is a superstar who isn't afflicted with the curse of responsibility, and Taye Diggs is having exactly the same career as a black dramatic actor that Washington both wouldn't and couldn't—for a surprisingly ungrateful audience, too. But that has happened too late for Washington, who might have been more convincing if he hadn't had to be admirable. He commands respect, but maybe we should owe all the good stuff we're here to enjoy of.

In *The Hurricane*, he's playing Robin "Hurricane" Canine, a firefighter whose 1966 flame-up car accident, by next New Jersey caps was once notorious enough to inspire Bob Dylan's final foray into protest music. I don't want to denigrate *The Hurricane*, it's decent and all the more so, and it's probably wasn't that easy to get made. Yet it's basically a TV documentary with elephants, swollen by twenty or thirty extra minutes just to leave you at no doubt that it's an Oscar contender.

You can't help guessing that the director, Norman Jewison, was drawn to the material as a substitute for the Malcolms

X he says he was set to direct, and Spike Lee complained that only an African-American filmmaker could do it right—a mix, of course, when only one getting to read, although you can't tell that Lee's fault. In any case, Jewison is sure not to prove that he's too black to see or appreciate black problems. The Hurricane's relatively complex structure doesn't hide its lack of a single unexpected moment. The



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# the page Floating Above the Pancake House

Welcome to  
Donald Antrim's  
oddball  
landscape  
By Sven Birkerts

work his deadpan. Not since the late Donald Barthelme have we had such a pitch-perfect juggling of dissonant American life, and given the already surreal nature of that life, this is saying something.

Antrim first got his name around, at least in the watchful eye of any circles, with his 1993 novel, *Elvis: Mr. Robinson for a Better World*. As vivid as it was unapologetic, this absurdist farce depicted, without the least cynical remorse, a suburban community gone over to bedlam, building, means and revving motorcars race as it keeps its culture of civic politeness intact. If the Coen brothers haven't thought to film it, they will.

Next came *The Thousand Brothers*, a novel I can confidently say I would have loved if I had gone through it. I mean, how can you not love a novel that imagines a hundred brothers and gathers them in one house for a weekend? It's just that the chaos drives rightly haunted guys like me crazy. But the novel's impermissibility is its strength. Nothing, neither Antrim, neither the horrific drawing and quarrying by one of the co-mayors in *Mr. Robinson* nor the mind-bending absurdity of the fraternal premise: "It is true that we have all seen one another undressed at one time or another, and the magic of our union is, I can report, exactly as you might suspect."

ME SITTING AT MY DESK, slowly perusing the last full-color photo spreads from last June's New Yorker—the "Fiction of American Fiction" issue. Research: I'm studying the covers and wondering, frankly, what ever happened to books, so formidable, to all that old repository of wistfully associated. What I see are mainly nice-looking kids, with straight teeth and good hair, posing themselves with expert consideration toward posterity. I almost sigh with relief when my eye lands on Donald Antrim, one of the younger things with eyebrows and sideburns and a long hair—only one of the group who could pass for a felon.

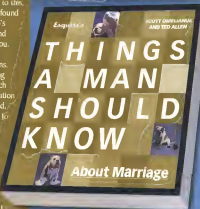
This is pure projection, I admit. I've been reading Antrim in recent weeks, moving as he comes, seeing the world through the warp of his strange glass. Which includes now seeing him. The guy has nailed me

## THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW...

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# the page

Armen's secret reveal. *The Veronicas* doesn't—this might be the reason I am drawn—as perfectly understandable as the others. “The people supports your idea,” he begins. Then, the camera, the man who has his on the last thirding idea of his image together all the teaching psychoanalysis at the Kinkdom in cinema, where he works, but on evening of food and chat or the last twenty-four hour *Paradise House* & Bar.

This was part of the first two seasons, after which every-thing starts to edge into a bit of a trap sort of twilight zone, with Tom chatting along, introducing his colleagues—the usual crop of really dis-tinguished lawyers, doctors, and consultants—and showing off every few paragraphs as to some observation that alerts us to the state of his volatile psyche. “Notice these men,” says Tom, “that un-fold like colorful, hampered boards in those games we once played on rainy days at home, those unrefrangible indoor toys when we felt safe and secure, when we knew ourselves, when we, in be-lieve. We will not be so late-late to our mothers, and it is the *Paradise House* that answers. The *Paradise House* holds on.”

Who will believe you if I tell the plot? Show us a bit of play-fight aggression. Tom reaches up a handful of his cigarette's cigarette stand and is close to start poking a few of his ears when he is grabbed from behind by one Richard Bernhardt, a big bear of a guy, a vaccination group therapist, who then holds him in his hand, protective, chasing, quite a way for the rest of the night—and the movie.

The *Veronicas* is, then, a tale told by a hugger, full of sound and fury—strange mental understandings and self-encounters—anything you know what. And if this movie seems, I can only say that it gets more bizarre still, as Tom starts to split off from his physical body “Bernhardt squeezed and up I went, ap-

proach of the *Paradise House* ending, drift-ing higher to four over the heads of cin-easta and waitress.” He answers the rest of the movie from an encephalic first floor space high in the corner of the dining room.

the husband who can't make up his mind to fix the room at the head of the house because he keeps working through the emotional labyrinth. “If the room is a baby's room, then it is a baby's room causing a baby, and this of course is an other way of saying that the room causes loss.”

On his penis, his thoughts slipping like sugar to taking matter. One by one, in sus-pended sentences that collapse like balloons attached to a helium tank, he ventures the first steps of self-encounter, until by night's end we feel we've traveled great distances, though we've been merely floating in place. “We are pulled out, heavy of limbs, aware that, hard as it is to be ourselves, it is even harder to be someone else.”

And the point of all this? No point, at least not in that sense to let some. A high-alti-tude view of therapists, sure. One man's emotional self-encounter, okay. More interesting, to me, perhaps, though, is the notion of un-probability that Armen cre-ates and how the intricate interplay of Bern's slight-ly autistic, with the feel-ing of our own quickly re-fused self-experience—how-ever he makes that regular-ly more universal link be-tween indecipherable and the utterly implausible ex-planation of the case world.

But Armen is also—beni-gnly, humorously—fly-ing full-throttle against the con-di-tions of these hard-luck times. His senses, odd as they are, bring reader and look dream-er into our care the light. He is an equanimist. I mean.

For all the madness on the daily life side of the spectrum, we have no little con-stant madness on the side of art. Our writers, good boys and girls, mostly tell the exact stories. And we read them for that. It was only when I finished, per-haps, one of Armen's most re-vealing stories that I realized how aware I had been for the other stuff, the literature that steps into my dreaming centers and slowly turns me around. **A**

## theIndex

### Four Things You Should Know

- 1. A biography is hard to read.** The second chapter of Tom's first book, *CHIM*, has become the ground level as well as the first step into the world of Tom's life. The book is a collection of his life's experiences, from his childhood in a small town in the Midwest to his current life in Los Angeles. The book is a collection of his life's experiences, from his childhood in a small town in the Midwest to his current life in Los Angeles. The book is a collection of his life's experiences, from his childhood in a small town in the Midwest to his current life in Los Angeles.
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**4. Which is not, interestingly, a problem.** Armen's art is to render the uncanny as if it were the usual. The unadorned matter of factness of Tom's voice plays benevo-lently against the preposterous scenario we are forced to keep pursuing. I can't say just how it works. But slowly there emerges a portrait of the classic Ameri-can boy-man, the needy fellow full of worries and lusty longings. Tom is the therapist who cannot himself connect,

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golf

# Winter Rules

The ground is hard,  
the ball is dead.  
Let's play eighteen.

By Tom Chiarella



**T**HE FIRST TIME you play golf, you're pretty much naked. You wear strange clothes. You dip in a single glove. Then you're forced to tie off in front of strangers. Dork, knowing someone's looking at the window of the pro shop. You want yourself like a fool, really mimicking the way a smooth game you've seen in a television. You are a rube, public clown

hell, you are a clown. It's summer. The sun shines and someone lights a cigar. You start to relax, but no one much cares what you do, no matter how public it all seems.

For *your* first winter, on a sunny February day in, say, Barrow, and you're on your own in a different way. The pro shop is closed. The tee markers are in the shed. Some cracks the turf pads. It's beyond quiet. Men are drinking coffee and sipping on two beers. The laws are bare, the greens ringed in brown. Now no one watches you,

even the guys you play with. You are all into a kind of frenzied apathy. You walk quickly, though there's no one behind you. You are playing winter golf, the most private game of them all.

ONCE IN A WHILE I drag my backhoe-in-law Jim out for some winter golf. He's a huge lug, a lawyer, born and bred in Dade City, Florida, who knows the ball as long as a body can, dropping down on top of it as if swinging a huge ax, driving the ball on a high, hard drive. He's an agreeable guy, the kind of person who'll ask questions about your job and actually listen for a while, who'll buy you gas drinks from the beer can, a guy who knows SEC football. He plays a lot more of golf, and he gives me the advice. All around, a good playing partner. But he's from Florida, and you have to look him in the eye, his skin above the pants. He likes his golf like cherry Brach's: just plain warm. Set a rattle-battering wind on blowing and cloud the sky with big, milky January clouds and he whines like a worn-in belt.

When we played my father-in-law's course in Tennessee last December, it was no more than 40 degrees outside when we started. Then it grew colder. Jim had consented to play at the last minute, and I didn't return back when, at the track of the car, a snowflake webbed downward between us. It had been six weeks since I'd played, and I was hungry for it. I offered him some Chap-Stick and figured he could suck it up.

By the second hole, Jim was muttering to himself. "I just don't get this," he said as his shoes pum-pum-pum across the spike-pocked greens and past the hole. "What's the attraction?"

"You have to keep moving," my father-in-law said, thumping his arms against his chest. He's a tough little guy named Billy, with a hard, few-thing



g o l f

and a follow through so hard that his face comes off the ground, sometimes sending him hurtling backward like a drunk. Well, he's straight as an arrow to the groin, and he can put a tear line across a gravel parking lot as a seamstress. He sold aluminum products for almost thirty years. The cold is nowhere to him.

You didn't want any part of it. On the north side, fully camouflaged and dead, "Chen's not too happy." I looked back. Jim paced along the right side of the freeway, his head wrapped in two white golf towels, the uppermost shoulder-strap web a shroud of red

He panned his head. "All set," he said.

Nathan of us had the honor to tell him, he looked as if he were wearing a headdress of cedar poles. When he heaved his second shot into the scrubby pines a moment later, he had the bag on his shoulder before the ball came to rest. "Let's put an end to this," he said. This was his way of asking if we wanted to quit. Personally, I was laying out 100 yards from a far green with a generous pin placement. Screw him. What would I, I maintain all his gear, and sleep just outside I wasn't going anywhere. Ahead then, it started to snow. I could hear Jim muttering "Pissin'" from the other side of the fairway.

I grabbed my wedge. The wind picked up. My father-in-law shouted to me, "Joe!" he said, "You want some more, Joe?"

Billy shouted back to him, "You should have gloves—80 percent of the body's heat goes through the hands."

"Hands," he said. "Most people don't know that."

I was sure he was right. My hands, ungloved, had hit the peat where they seemed like only reminders of hands, mere Post-its on the side of my arms, reading, "There are poor heads." And that's how a poet is written—the course is marked and

arrive, a great testament to the pervasiveness of the game had along the membranular landscape of a dormant course. Water gill wears you out, no matter how many months you wear around your nation.

So we were at odds, the three of us. Jim, the best golfer, was there to amuse and charm. Truth was, we'd known he would be miserable. We'd banked on it. But here he was, looking us up, asking the money.

I've never much cared for sweater rules. Kick the ball, sure, park it out from under a bush, drop a new one out of your pocket for all I care, but don't hold behind some national or those dopey sweater rules.

I LOOKED AT JIM THEN. The wind had started riling now. He was perched up

## theIndex

### Three Things You Should Know

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 will be a very hard battle  
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**L**  
OOO & O'S  
Every so often  
you'll find a course

**quest at the lush star Menne**  
ness, this place is a real gem.

Jim had no coat. His father-in-law had schlepped us both out to his club, so he wouldn't let the cold touch him; he wanted us to rip out a new hole here. And me, I had basically declared myself to be someone's snack, far tougher than the cold. [www.fox.com](http://www.fox.com)

The sun streaked upward, and a bird thrashed along the updrafts. I stood 100 yards away. I track my hands down my pants. Condensation, you know. My ball was on a thin patch of fairway. I wanted to roll it to a better one but didn't dare ask.

So I made my address, knitted my  
morning thoughts, and drew my chin back. I  
could sense the focus on my beard. The  
gray below looked wounded and dogged.  
On Turing through the shoe, I could see  
my brother-in-law look up. My frozen  
hands gave me the dimmest correspon-  
dence at once. I believe the ball size in  
a snail eye. I could see reflection, so I was moving  
forward below a landed Jim looked  
encouragement. Billy popped a bubble that I  
didn't listen. I was dead silent, with my  
nail bite and the snail around me. ■

You play winter golf when that ache gets too bad, when you have to get a sense of what you've lost in the dark, cold months of winter, when you want even the dimmest drop-pingings of summer. You lay

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Who joins the battle? Who'll help the war? For their part, the cops say this was just the issue of something.



## Elvis Says: Remember Seattle!

The King and the kids strike a blow at the heart of globalization. A vivid dispatch from the future. **By John H. Richardson**

It's Monday, November 30, the World Trade Organization's meeting in Seattle and mopped by the unexpected arrival of thousands of protesters. The scene is the business case down. At a corner, the guy with the green hat jumps in an electronic utility box and makes a speech, using an on-line highway code as a megaphone. "It does my heart to good to see so many of my friends and women here in the street!" he says. "Fuck you!" someone says, at a price. People laugh. "Who's the guy?" somebody asks. "He's the guy with the green hat," somebody answers. Then the crowd comes forth, wearing a Nike jacket and starts beating him. He strips off his jacket and throws it in a tree and everyone cheers, and just in the way with the

Los Angeles takes his place and starts to speak. "What we need is the power of jobs"—the crowd loses interest. "No more talking! Let's march!"

AT THE DOOR, a thousand people converge. Standing in a cold drizzle, they sing protest songs. Power to the people, power to the people. A union leader gets up and tells them they're beautiful. "We're making history in Seattle, brothers and sisters! We came to Seattle as

workers and environmentalists and advocates for our separate causes, but we're leaving Seattle committed to the cause of social justice!"

Then the heavy union man introduces a skinny kid in glasses, says his name is David Taylor and he's one of the leaders of something called DAN, which has been right in the middle of everything this week. A big cheer goes up in the kid takes the mic. "Well, I'd like to say that all of us from Desch

utes Network that are willing to put cases down today to support you guys and show them what conditions are. We can shut down the WTO!"

And cheers and whistles and hollers, Taylor promises to keep protesting.

JUST OFF THE DOORS. Come Guard boys with armed police drift by. As the speeches continue, Taylor tells me he's studying political economy at Evergreen State College in Olympia and has been working to get ready for this week since hours a day since August, when a group called Art and Revolution came to his campus and taught the students how to make big street papers. That grew into DAN, a coalition of about eighteen groups from up and down the West Coast. For months now, they've been doing "nonviolent (and) solidarity marches" and "disruptive street-theater training."

"Currently, what's really bothering us is that they're not allowing the people who have been arrested to speak to lawyers," he says. "There are four hundreds full of people sitting outside the jail. But our lawyers do not have access information because they have denied people their phone calls."

Taylor is an intelligent, well-spoken kid. He's charged up like everyone, but professional, giving the message out. He says that the searches we've heard so much about on TV were really just security checks, and they were far from the main action—the police didn't even do anything about them and instead were gassing the crowds. And today things are even worse. "We've had cell phones and all of our radio communication confiscated this morning, along with our papers and signs. They stripped our van."

"How did they know it was your van?"

"It was filled with papers." He's twenty-two. His parents have been watching on TV, and yesterday in the middle of the tear gas, he talked to them on his cell phone. "I got some of my best news information from them!" he says, laughing.

THE STREET ACTION NETWORK hall is a big, old warehouse up near the city university, a raw space with a cement floor. Stacked on a corner are papers with chains welded to them for use as human shields, and human sized cardboard

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middle class. In another corner are vicious laugh pappers—a pair of bald, a globe, a pin and like the size of a ball. Ball. The other side is a lot of tables with hot food.

A hundred strange kids with aggressive alternative hair sit on the floor, having a meeting about someone's vesting. For up a man in a red down coat. "The Red Nose Group proposes that we start by singing in the parks—that's a really strong tradition in Seattle that parks are a place for public speech."

When he's finished, a loudspeaker shouts, "Stack!" This means that the next person in the "stack" of speakers should quickly take his turn.

"The Puppet Group has a proposal. We thought of having a march using what puppets we have left with everybody together so that it will be really close to the media when they best us down."

"Stack!"  
"We have an offer of help from the National Guard," another man says. People laugh, but he continues. "I have a card here from the administrative officer for the National Guard public relations. He says he's available for us to use, on our side—he wants to make sure that we have

our First Amendment rights."  
The laughter moves to his applause.  
"Stack!"

"This from the Red Nose Group. Just to say that the Red Nose Group is offering the idea of wearing the march at 11:00 a.m. that people would join us in their lunch hour."

The program's creative lead, about as honest as they speak, a loudspeaker named Stephanie explains how it works—it's not democracy or even consensus but an affinity-group structure that dates back to the Spanish Civil War. After all the proposals are in, an affinity group can join with other groups in a large action, or not. She herself is a member of the Seattle Towels Laundry Cowboys and the Lady Puppet Radio Association. "It's very empowering," she says. "Everyone's voice is recognized. There is no leader or hierarchy."

One of the more established affinity groups is an outfit called the Blue Underground. The Church of the Holy Spirit, founded in 1980, has about two thousand members who believe that "Dissidence is a perfect example of socialism, a harmonious will of benevolence and love." They do weddings and parties and hand out flyers advertising their eleven commandments,

which include "Don't Be Cruel" and "Love Mr. Bender" and "Return to Bender." Specifically, in this action, they've hung posters, set up a stereo system, described and cooked (with a sticker that says, "one to eat, six to control") and distributed, and run "traitor control." But mostly, they mark two large pots of boiling tea, which, like their belief in Elvis, they don't push or impose. "A puppeteer is in the church is, 'Although it's for everybody, it's not everybody's cup of tea.'"

"Did the King drink tea? I wasn't aware of that."

"Sell down. Better tea than ever, too." He says he's not aware of his being ironic. He says he's a democrat in the church. "My first name? Well, you can call me Demos. Rosen." (and that when he heard about the protests he would come. "We need that all suffering is caused by alienation from Elvis and oppression from universal rhythm and harmony. So, you know from a moral and spiritual point of view, I really don't have any choice.")

Has he ever missed Elvis, Luke?  
He hesitates. "Well, I think we all miss Elvis in every way, you know? And I

# Style Agenda

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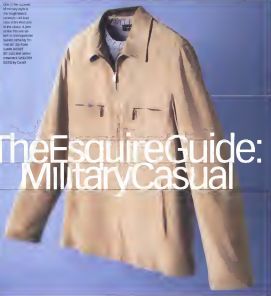
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the high-tech  
casuals—all but  
one of the styles  
in the show is a  
jacket. The new  
jacket is a high-tech  
jacket, coming in  
the 2010-2011  
season, and  
the 2010-2011  
season's collection  
is by Carli.

# The Esquire Guide: Military Casual



STYLING BY TIM BOWEN

In addition to that whole killing-the-injury-and-blown-up-stuff routine, Uncle Sam has proven himself to be a damn fine designer. Take a look in your closet and count up the victories. Those khakis you wear to invade the Home Depot? That leather jacket you don when conducting maneuvers in the park with your kids? That raincoat you throw on to mount an offensive on the moss theater? All courtesy of our military industrial complex. Maybe their popularity is due to the fact the military clothing is less designed than meticulously engineered. After all, it's a matter of national security. The "military" look is a common sight in the world of fashion. It's a look that's been around for a long time, and it's a look that's been around for a long time. There's also the appeal of a certain uniform, clothing designed solely for the way it functions, not the way it looks (which, of course, is a pretty cool look). That's the principle on the following pages takes these untraditional style icons and updates them with more modern and luxurious materials? Call it a peace dividend.

## MILITARY SPEC

**MILITARY SPEC** So you never made it to the Halls of Montezuma and the only shore you know is the Jersey one. No matter—jackets like these combine the best of what government issue has to offer and a civilian touch that elevates them far above what you'd dig up at the local Army Navy store.

[illegible][illegible]

**Updated April:** This article about economy—business jobs, debt, Fed rate, 2014 versus 2013, and more! I just thing this article, make right, please be a success in your working and life. ALL THE BEST and best life to you, and you'll find it all by search internet.

[illegible][illegible]

It might also be used, for example, to monitor, in a quantitative way, the number of times you're playing tennis with your best friend. **SECRET** with customers and other stakeholders? **PRO**, because it's difficult via the digital marketing tools mentioned previously to go there.

**Posterior Lung:** Superficial: One deep pocket? Just underneath lumbar vertebrae, will collect effusion such as DVT. One not so ideal to find because of the vertebral column. Inferiorly here, inferior left: Surface, we find really great upper extremities. Two major veins (A&B) (A) will sit and have someone hold it. The other major vein (C&D) and lower extremities (A&B) (B) will sit and have someone hold it. The other major vein (E&F) and lower extremities (A&B) (B) will sit and have someone hold it.

**Basic Training:** Pure cool school, this jacket shows reflects military style in its stand-up collar, zippered cuffs, zippered waistband and zipper closure. Reinforced by align three-button single-breasted front closure and 100% cotton. \$60.00. \$30.00 by Free People. Order via 800.833.3333 or look for it in our store.

## JACKETS: A ROLL CALL

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three vertebral fractures,  
she had one at each level.  
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appears to do just  
what it needs.



**AT EASE** We all watched Henry Fonda and John Wayne and Robert Mitchum save the free world in parts like these—guys that were gruff and stoic, helter-skelter, that had an honest, hard working appeal. Not unlike the characters those guys played.

[illegible]

**Terms of the Deal:** Yours under no obligation to submit. Submission preferred, but it's not vital unless you help. Value: Online PPDs (\$700) by Cleveland Tech Center. Last: 1/14/14 by KellyKangaroo; nylab007 @ nylab007

**Wind Storage:** Ports for those who prefer the utility of their military bunkers, but with a decidedly more relaxed feel, Green CARGO MARTS (2010) in Connecticut's legislature, better LACE (2012) and even further still, the new Vermont law.



## PANTS: AN INSPECTION

[illegible]

—**George Poma.** Again turning a 15-hour, 1,000-lb haul into a tiny design without losing influence, continuously with and out. *Carle, Carle, Carle.*

[illegible]

## PAL ZILERI

MILAN PARIS NEW YORK

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# February



IN WHOM WILL BE OUR VALENTINE? There are so many to choose from, yet none has enough to get backseat about, not one we would include all others for. When the day comes, will there be anyone out there whom we can ask, in good conscience and with a wistful nod? Will you be our persistent?

We can't seem to get excited. The candidates are already upon us and we're not even listening, pulls show. The Kennedy School of Government found that only one in five of us was paying close attention to the presidential campaign books in November, and that interest continued to wane afterward. Republican Thomas Peterson discovered that so many primaries crowded together as far from the actual election as an awful lot, and "Golly, a slowing gets to be a disaster to engagement."

Although we are loath to argue with Harvard professors who say "Golly," we would protest that the bigger heart to engagement is the prospective groom. What is not said and what does love apples as well to politics. It takes two to tango. And both partners really should be wrong-blinded.

All God does, God knows. In an attempt to demonstrate that he is not a first-generation cybernetic, the vice president has taken to occasionally emulating his body plan, downloading his own speech and following it with either "I feel very strongly about this" or "I feel passionately about these issues we've discussed." He declares that his positive papers read "in my heart" and sometimes as deeply as "in my bones." On command he produces artifacts of a personality "I love Andre MacDowell," he told Maureen Dowd. "I loved the [play] about the Blues by Ned Flanders. David Lee Morales."

Also loves: watching the sun set, long walks on the lawn, Three Dog Night, justice. Hates: discrimination. And yet, for all the sharing, he's still a Democratic plank.

Fortunately, he's running against a man who only to answer policy questions with one-man Science dialogues, finishing a discourse on education, we think it was, with, "What is love is a larger context?" (See "The Heartbreak," page 101.)

Once on what is technically the other side, folks are beginning to see George W. Bush for what he is, which is not. Conscienceless conservatism, it turns out, is pre-literate philosophy, and W has little original or interesting to say other than his very original and interesting solution to the problem

of manhood with unimpressive weapons. "Pity for love is people's hearts." It's unclear whether there is nothing Bush truly finds passionate about or whether his handlers are afraid that if he seems down that road he is going to end up dancing with his pants on.

John McCain certainly finds passionate about a lot of things, and quite nobly, according to press reports, but some people are whispering that the fire in his belly has spread on his back. For the record, McCain vehemently denies being racist, but we wouldn't mind, really. Since for his head on a spider would certainly be more interesting than his head on his body, which... oh, we can't even get to the end of the sentence.

Where are we forgetting? Well, at press time there was still Gary Bauer and Glenn Beck. They're creepy. Oh, and that black fellow. The one who keeps accusing the media of racism, but we can't remember much about him, except he's black and he feels very passionately about slavery. Enough to direct it in the next campaign of "Mistake Bush", now, good people can disagree, but we feel there's been sufficient legislation on the slavery problem.

If we really wanted to look for love in the wrong place, there's the Reform party. But one's support for Pat Buchanan and/or Donald Trump requires a strong belief in the Book of Revelation and a desire to see it come to pass in our lifetime.

What's a single gal to do? ■





Angelina  
Jolie  
and the  
torture  
of fame

“Everybody  
wants a piece  
of you,” she said  
(and then fell  
to pieces).

By John H.  
Richardson  
Photographs  
by Sante  
D’Orazio

# SHE'S FIFTY MINUTES LATE

I see her. She's smaller and thinner and smiles then I expect of from that beautiful movie-star face and the wild bad girl spirit she projects unconsciously. The bad girl in me moves today. She looks beautiful and elegant. I think about keeping on going here and I'm pissed off and of course she doesn't recognize me but then something in her features flash stops me and I say, "Angelina" and she looks at me, hesitates, remembers that she shouldn't stop because I might be a wacko and starts to keep going and by the time I say, "Oh me, John, I'm supposed to meet you," she's already figured it out and stopped at her tracks, deflated by all the little hesitations and revisions of decency and expediency. I don't remember when we say first but a minute later she's saying she is sorry, really sorry, we should just give this up and I say, No, it's not that and she says, No, it's not okay, that's what everybody always tells me, it's okay and it doesn't matter. I don't know what to say, nobody should be kept waiting for fifty



minutes. Why would you want to talk to me now? She says her she also wants to be on the edge of flailing anger because I won't accept her being sorry and it's so quick and measured I feel very much like I'm dealing with a crazy person. Half of what she says I can't follow, it's some private language about things that happened to her recently and she's so young and wise I say, Don't be sorry, I would have been mad before but I can see you're a suffering human being and it's not that big a deal. At some point she starts to cry—a tear wells at her eye and falls down her cheek. We're standing here in the lobby of the Museum of Modern Art behind the ticket booth by the escalator and I suggest we sit down on the sculpture garden but she's too jittery and concerned it's surreal and all her face. She's very shiny and pale and is starting to makeup, a few blanches on her face, and I get glimpses of her arms, which are marked with black tattoos and it's not just tattoos in her presence that I check those long

arms for marks. Don't see any, but every time I step closer to her so I can get into normal human speaking range, she steps back a fraction or a foot more than normal. Did she just smoke a joint? Should I tell her I've smoked more joints than she's had hot men? Minutes go by and we're still talking and I'm trying to soothe her, changed in a flash from my usual persona to the transient person in the room to Mr. Zen. Repeat after me, Angelina: Only be masters of yourself and every place is the right place. She's wearing black leather pants and a black T-shirt with white letters that all over it and I catch myself wanting to say, I really loved your performance to God and God, interrupted (the film she's supposed to be promoting) but I stop myself because I hate that kind of talking to principle and it seems particularly wrong right now, completely inappropriate. She says the best's over all day and we get through with our interview and I ask a couple more times if she wants to get something to eat or to sit down and she clearly just wants to crawl out of her skin and her dad's here in his hotel for two days and she has a seven ball game to call him and finally I ask her to go with me to get my bag. Because I have something for her. As we walk to the coat check, I start telling her my new clarity without idea for an interview based on the brilliant article in *The Atlantic Monthly* by San Francisco (Blond) about being the daughter of a famous person and the associated distortions and how weird it was when her dad became the world's most famous child psychologist and successful, accomplished people would get strangely chafed in her company and I've got her attention now she's calming down just listening to me and she says, I think I might be we could talk about this and she says, We're already talking about it and I feel the nervous tension of her interview reaching out and reaching back and reaching out again and suddenly a just here me that this while thing is wrong and I find myself saying, Maybe you shouldn't be doing this. You don't need to be on magazine covers. You have a career on the main and publicity

runs for everybody and maybe you should just not do this interview or say interview over again. But that seems to set her on the edge of tears again and she tells me, No, it's all about communication—movies, magazines, it's all communication and she's important to her and she's almost phrasing with me and so I suggest back to the coat check and she's looking at being a perfect little daughter with her perfect little father and Angelina says she and her dad have talked about that—should they tell the media about this trouble and have people put an ugly cast on it or just say everything is fine and uncomplicated—and it's so weird because even at the premiere last night, the premiere for *The Thin Red Line*, the photographs said her brother to move out of the shot so they could get out of post human her and her famous dad and it's obvious that even the memory goes her past—their all nerves and anything that touches the wrong song. And I suggest again that maybe we should go have a bite

or something and she runs her arms and looks the way and that and finally I just give her my card and say, That's my home number and you can call me or call me, whatever, it's all good, and she's breathing and smiling, my card into her and saying how she's thinking maybe she doesn't need seeing, maybe she should just move to the country and have a lot and I think, For God's sake don't do that—don't do that. And some voice tells me that famous and authority is the ticket so I say, This is the deal, you're going to be a star. A star Thursday and that's when my wife leaves on vacation and I have to take care of the kids—the media at that—so if you decide to call, you have to get me some water so I can get someone to help us. And she says,



What do you have and I say, Girls and she asks again and I tell her and the human moment seems to relax her and so I say, Hey, if you want, come up to my house and hang out with us and then she really smiles and says she'd like that a lot. So we talk about where I live and how close it is to where she's hoping her last home where the women in put her friends in rooms and got it shown and build new houses and I get it. I'm looking that into through the movie's continue to a mad as a seat somewhere all I have to do is keep talking and she'll keep standing here knowing that people are screaming around us and I can't even use my tiny recorder and finally the whole thing is getting a little weirder, so finally I enter her to the door and outside the jacket right up, open a pretend visual and get one end we were walking. The look seems to steady her. The breath air seems to steady her. The freedom of movement seems to steady her. She says a friend said something about Jack you're the end and I say, you're the friend and I can't follow her and she's upset because they keep moving the star makes closer to that us, a hundred feet to forty feet and it's so ridiculous the way they treat that "Julien" and I find her pretty hard to follow—some of it's coherent and some of it isn't even a little bit. We go up a few blocks and she says, Are you willing to say somewhere or am I walking you somewhere?





# DRIVE SIR CAPE

A CERTAIN MAY  
GRAVE THINGS  
ANOTHER LONGS  
FOR THE  
TRANSCENDENT  
SOMETIMES  
A LUCKY FEW  
HAVE BOTH—  
AT ONCE

es  
cape





# hel

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*Time seems flying like an arrow perhaps more than anything else. And still it's a gliding pace*



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f o r t



renewal



The Heart <sup>throb</sup>  
By CHARLES  
P. PIERCE

Suddenly <sup>Bill Bradley</sup>

is the guy <sup>everyone fell</sup>

in love with? <sup>How the</sup>

hell did that <sup>happen?</sup>



THE RIVER IN MANCHESTER looks tougher in the rain. It baffles itself with the strategy of the day, it poses itself in the storm like a small man fleeing in a head-club storm, as if it hadn't been tamed years ago by the inside mills that line its banks. In fact, the mills themselves look tougher in the rain, as if the New Hampshire Democrats' campaign about smoke had come not to lose a candidate speech but once again to grind out the goods for a muscle-labor America, as if they'd gathered again to work at all the old lost jobs and not to wonder about through hellways lined with their grain smelters, passing to houses at Reddy's Place—CUTS FOR YOU AND YOUR MITS. It is here that Bill Bradley comes to chronicle his Manchester headquarters. He comes to the Riverwalk Mills, to the millstream of old Democratic legend, surrounded on all sides by car state furniture. It's a weird place now, because Bradley's campaign is just anything fire, its sometime beginnings already a dim and fading

memory and the mural's narrow colors that follow a long summer's drought.

"[I'm] talking about my opponent," Bradley says to the crowd, his sparse and quirky eyebrows beaming on every visible like the little white ball in a small movie sing-along. "He announces in *Air Force Two*: I assume as a vet I have to march out to people one-on-one, allowing them to make the mistake of which of us could be the next president of the United States."

They cheer and whistle—modest cheers, polite whistles, the surprising minimum of this fairly outland emergency post beginning to build. There is a consensus to the crowd, dropping, kneeling and saying: Under—Cross for Gene has gone bald for Bill—and they knee this with about riding or easily taken powers, even coming from a south-west banker's son, a Princeton graduate, an Olympic gold medalist, a Rhodes scholar, a former NBA star, a respected former senator, a man whose public career would seem to make him as much of a renegade as Captain Kangaroo. Some of them—some their fortunes, money—make a canon get rare. They stretch out their right arms and flip their certain business in a kind of inverted post-its, as if they were waving something blindly back over their shoulders. They step one another free.

"Can you be the shoe?" one of them choruses. "I can still be the shoe."

In 1986, when Bradley was coming into his senior year at Princeton, a senior named John McPhee took him out as a subject. One day, McPhee saw Bradley throw a ball through the basket with easily this some funky motion. Bradley said McPhee that the shot was something he'd developed over the summer—prac-

ticing it over and over again until orthodox practice produced a reliably unorthodox shot—while simultaneously working on his sensor discs and preparing himself for the fall's Olympic Games.

Bradley told McPhee that the shot was easier than it looked, because if you practiced it enough, you developed "a sense of where you are," a phrase McPhee eventually copied as his book's title. Almost everyone who read the book took to the playground, or to the driveway, or to the hoop that hung on the wall of the barn, and read that shot and it fell for them, too.

The shot is more complicated as its philosophy than as its execution, so much so that it can be said that when he first appeared as a public figure, Bill Bradley led people in a dance of practical subversion. After all, to shoot at precisely you your absolute certain fundamentals.

You move left to shoot right. You shoot with your right hand from the left side of the basket.

And you never—ever!—look at the goal, nor even when the ball ups through and your opponent is dumbfounded because he played the fundamentals of the game (force him to his left! Make him shoot back across his body! Turn him away from the basket!) and the fundamentals lie in his down, because his fundamentals are not yours, and there you are, still not looking at the goal. Look at the goal and you break the path that curved the shot in the first place.

By the time he'd come to Riverwalk Mills, it had become clear that Bradley's fundamentals are not those of Al Gore, who'd done everything that an incumbent vice president was supposed to do (file up cash). He up enthusiastically and whose fundamentals seemed to be those of a deli-

verent game master.

Bradley, meanwhile, was campaigning almost as what the old Irish call a shanties—the traveling storyteller whose occasional use of tales makes his function as the illiterate clan's collective memory—and this was the most remarkable because Bradley's explanations of what he's doing can be ridiculously, gratingly banal.

"Would you rather hear about your country through polls, or would you rather hear about it through its people?" he asked once a month after opening the Manchester headquarters. He campaigns like an earnest poet, but he sounds like the government professor who'll keep out of your desk to avoid. The end of the day, then, a spontaneous act of faith born of endless, grinding practice, and perhaps you'll find the heart of his appeal: He brands himself while others safely lose themselves to his campaign, he borrows to deeply into their areas that he controls himself within them. Suddenly, a carefully crafted campaign is transformed into something organic, an ongoing creative act. And think then of the words of poet J.K. Carroll: "With lightning, you can control your mistakes, immediately and beautifully, in mid-air."

It is wending to a conclusion as hard as Bill Bradley can word to a conclusion. "We are losing a series of unprecedented pox-perry," he tells the people at his headquarters. "Things are good, but not for all of us." They cheer and they whistle, leader this time. He leaves the podium and moves out into the crowd, jagged and popular, eyebrows dancing, shouting down a bit with every handshaker. His hair lights up once meeting people, but the light fades quickly. He is there, and then he is not.



He moves out then to the next person. And to the next. He evolves himself to deeply with them that, looking back, they can't find him. He's hiding himself in their stories, and everybody sees what they were so sure, the way that a small man acts a brace on the head-club move, the way the man borrows as much from the hardest word and its passion from the unshared day.

THIS IS SOME OF WHAT we know about Bill Bradley, the person, and not the celebrity subject, the senator, the presidential as-

piracy was a reliably central voice throughout his eighteen years in the Senate. How then, has he managed to emerge the left as no candidate has in the last twenty years?

person that he left the Senate in part in order to care for his wife, a remarkable and brilliant woman who'd been diagnosed with breast cancer, and for his daughter. This is some of what we don't know about Bill Bradley: how it felt to get the news about the remarkable and brilliant woman who is his wife, how it felt to consider the prospect of death and loss, of being a widower and a single parent. Does the air thicken and the

world spin? Do your perceptions of your own misadventures come vividly to life? Do you look down into the possibility of grief as if from a career, your toes involuntarily edging toward the brink?

Of all of that, nothing learned, Bradley explains his departure from the Senate solely as a public act. His official answer is a terrible war. "Because American politics was broken." Oh, spare us. American poli-

was sent to the kitchen. But it does shut off those doors into which Bradley will one day walk. He seems to demand an interior life that actually is interior.

"I run Bill when he was already in the limelight," says his wife, Ernestine Schrier, "so I saw the defense mechanism that he had developed. It was not that he was uncomfortable being a public figure, it was that he needed to have someplace inside himself where he could go and retreat to himself."

"If you're out in the limelight a lot, you give and you give and you give some more. How do you then replenish? He has found that way for himself. Of course, when we met, and as our relationship grew, I was one of the people that was let into the 'inner sanctum,' you know?" She laughs then, and the room in the last part is so modern and empty that you can hear bells on the quartz marks.

It is a measure of how successful Bradley has been at managing our life that his wife has been able to surprise all his campaigns. She is a natural campaigner, warm and loud, with the handlike air of a Chicago sidewalk. If Bradley's professor

was a bookkeeper system. He holds books the details of helping to raise his daughter from all those people who came to talk to him about the problems on working families. In his latest memoir, *Time Present, Time Past*, he talks about his mother taking him to a summer-camp meeting, whereupon we get a discursive history of the various American revivalist traditions, and suddenly we're out of the text and young Bill Bradley's mother is to be seen if he's washed in the blood of the Lamb, he'll stand off by the next paragraph. And now he won't even tell Bradley on 60 Minutes where he goes to church, because it's not private a thing.

It is not simply his private life that seems so delicately tucked away. In his accounts of his days as a player with the New York Knicks on both *Time Present, Time Past* and *Life in the Lane*, his earlier account of his NBA career—Bradley is an extremely generous with his accounts of his friends and his teammates that it may in fact have been a little less than what they heard beyond the fact that he worked with some very interesting people.

"Whenever I talked to Bradley," recalls Tom Harkin, an old rival from the

Knicks from the Atlantic City morning breakers over the Atlantic, talking to his blazer commentators in their white shirt to work or play, or some grim combination of both, in the common that lined the bench. These stories were told his segment, not they are now his fundaments. Look this way. Show back their way. Don't look at the soul just because everyone else does.

"To me," Bradley explains, "the power of stories is very strong, because they allow you to communicate on a deeper level than logic, or a deeper level than statistics, or a deeper level than anything, really."

"You use, such of us in a story."

Ah, now here we are. That is our deep and quirky form of the very thing that the story has made public—which is to say, George W. Bush—would say that each of us has a story, as though the story were a love story or a garden hose, something that he could borrow for a time and then return. So that each of us as a story is not a story, it is a story, or as the candidate can himself participate, it is not his while it is not his for president is a creative act. That is in a five-dimensional good politics is rendered a false and a political quibble—like giving away the ending.

"I've been on the road in America for almost forty years," Bradley says, "as a basketball player and as a U.S. senator and as a businessman. And the common thread through all of that has been going up to America and asking for their stories."

And that is the great mystery of the character. He's the accumulation of the dark stories, but he's even to stand himself. As often as Bradley talks about how much he's learned since he left the Senate—how to connect with people, to make eye contact, to be at ease with different audiences—this is still a charismatic campaign without a charismatic candidate, because charisma is a performance technique. It does not come from learning. It comes from those most secret of places—myself, even to the person himself.

"I didn't know when he was young and when he was the big guy in high school and the big guy in his little town," says his wife. "But I know he has learned from a long time ago to keep part of himself for himself."

To be a genuinely charismatic political candidate is to at least seem to share the secrets of the soul, something Bradley has never done—not with his transmitters, not with his fellow senators, and not with the country he wants to lead. He's too good for other people's stories and such a secret with his own. He is a public man with a cloistered heart.

A BRIGHT AUTUMN DAY IN KNOX now, and Bill Bradley is working a project in Des Moines, a quiet neighborhood called Beaverdale on the west side of town. "We've had them all through once," says one man grown accustomed to having politician's entourage in every four years while he's riding his horses. "Don't use my name," he says, "but the first one that poked up the ribs and helped, let's say my guy, and the next one will be the first one." Bradley, also, about his hand and moves on. So much for the new politics.

Bradley's press aide vainly try to hard the unenviable traveling press corps as the candidate walks slowly up the line to meet Jack Ward, his son Jon, and Jon's daughter Becky. Bradley does not move with the privileged distances stride of so many aging athletes. There's still a flow to him—old, slow power pulling him. As he climbs the slaying lanes, the World comes forward to meet him, walking into a circle of smiling cameras and flashes.

Becky Ward bows down from one foot to another. At eleven, she's already a veteran of two Iowa caucus seasons, and Bradley is entered in the candidate list. He is smiling and content. The cameras swing toward Becky. "You remember a lot of them?" Bradley asks. Becky was at prepared for this—an impromptu current events quiz, even money to be remembered on, among other places, Jay's own television. She dreams.

"I remember about four of them who came to see us," she says. "It didn't seem like they were coming to see us."

Bradley laughs gently and moves on, engaging Becky's grand father in a discussion of social security. "You know, senator, I only have one more question," Jack Ward says. "What's Whitey Fraser doing now?"

"Well," Bradley replies, his voice level and even, his face exactly the same as it was when he and Becky were discussing the prospects for Jack's old job, "he's doing color commentary on television for the Knicks games. And he's a great last out to the rivals in the division."

The last of people moves on, but the World is on the line for a while, talking to the lady—I understand—grandma.

"I like his style," Jack Ward says. "There seems to be some substance to his character."

Bradley has moved up the street to another driveway. There is a basketball hoop hanging on the garage. Someone asks him if he still plays.

"I still shoot," he says. "I don't run anymore."

"LOOK, I DON'T ENJOIN you to have had an interesting life or to have the great resume," explains Senator Robert Kasten of Nebraska, an early and enthusiastic Bradley supporter whose glowing CV won't be enough to keep his own campaign alive in 1992. "I wouldn't be supporting him if he were just an interesting guy. You've got to have the structure of the campaign in place. He persuaded me not just that he would be a good president but also that he had a strategy in place to get there."

The fundamentals of the game say that it will be over around Sam Patrick's Day. Bradley will have a good run through Iowa and New Hampshire and California. Then, as the campaign moves south, it is generally accelerated schedule piles primary stop primary. Gore's cash goes in money and manpower will overtake the advantages gained by Bradley's early victories. By the middle of March, the fundamentals say, the story will be how everyone under said Al Gore, how Bradley never led in any major poll except those in New Hampshire, and even then by late more than the margin for error. And the fundamentals say, by then, Bill Bradley will be Robert E. Lee, pushed toward Appomattox, dreaming all of Chancellorsville.

By the fundamentals of the game—of the late game process, by the fundamentals of the game Gore is playing—Bradley spent eight years in the Senate developing credentials as president of popularity, to become a useful son from Mother Church. However, along with Kerry, he gradually fell into the category of senators whose presidential success seemed to depend in proportion to how close they straggled came to running for the office. He was an economic Democrat but a consistently central one, whose colleagues on both sides of the aisle reminded most often of his intelligence, his humor, his integrity, and his civility.

He took upon himself the work of crafting the Tax Reform Act of 1986, which lowered rates and shifted brackets, and was often cited as a key to how the two parties could work together without talking into the void. He showed himself in the complex world of international finance, with a particular interest in the economics of Third World development. He was not noted for pondering issues one day pulp and then, at last, jumping in unprepared hands.

"There's such a thing as being well-situated, and there's such a thing as being thoughtful, and the two don't necessarily go together," says Ben Brademan, a Harvard economist who worked with

Bradley on tax reform issues. "Some folks are so instinctively rushing from left to right, they don't have time to look at anything from deeper than a surface level, and the one thing that surprised me about Bradley was that he's not only well-informed, he seems to be thoughtful, too."

It is just not the case that every interesting and important question has a short, simple answer. It just isn't true.

At the same time, Bradley says that he felt himself constantly tested by what he still refers to as the Reagan Machine, that long, slow, steady march toward the end of the 1980 election results for the purposes of testing the Democratic party white, but could pardon the expression. He was also to explain why he crossed party lines to vote for an important piece of the Reagan budget in 1981 and for \$100-million in CIA and other covert risks in Nicaragua. The latter vote was something that Reagan was fit to mention it in a subsequent television address. Bradley who stood in favor of vouchers for public school students but then opposed an increase in the federal education voucher to support religious schools.

This wavering seemed to come into sharper relief in 1995 when—after closely losing his seat to the then-senator Chris (or Todd) Whitman, and with the 1996 Republican landslide just gathering speed in the hinterlands—Bradley left the Senate. Later that year, he took part in an interview to promote his first-party candidacy. It's not unfair to conclude that his conservative nature leaves him unable to develop a deep emotional attachment to any political party—which is why he has chosen to stand as a primary candidate.

"I have had no second thoughts about leaving," he says. "I had a wonderful eighteen years. I experienced my first true love. I loved the country the best that I could, and it was time to move on. I made sure that a Democrat succeeded me, and then there was a deeper encounter with the American people."

It is in moments like these that Bill Bradley seemed to know a tremendously good deal about the inner workings of the liberal political philosophy—particularly since he is disinclined to use his personal notes to explain his history from politics. Some of the American people he had deeper encounters with were investment bankers and computer billionaires, who are not bad friends to make if plans have changed and you're intending to run for the nomination of one of the two major parties. Meanwhile, the Democratic party, which had looked to Bradley as one of its leaders, took a fearful pounding. The fundamentals of the game

We are at a reception for the Congressional Black Caucus, and Cord West is onstage, doing a little slide step as a funk band rips out "Min't No Stopping Us Now." He grabs the mike, "You have to ready your soul to what [Bradley's] doing. You have to have a self to be yourself. And that's what Bill Bradley can do—he knows how to appeal to the better nature of our angels."

from where you look at cultural parties, Schrier is the producer whose classes once came full-on during regimens.

She is a German dancer (you want closure on the American Century? Bill Bradley's father in law flew for the Luftwaffe) and a professor of literature at Montclair State University in New Jersey. They met in 1970 and married four years later. It has been argued on more than one occasion that there must be something remarkable about Bradley for him to have married the woman he did. She's the widow on that street at life.

"When I met Bill, I discovered that he realized that you don't have to be a robot when you are a public figure," she says. "He was not an automaton. When Bill talks, he always talks from his heart and from his soul, from within himself."

Nevertheless, Bradley declines to share his anguish over his wife's bereavement, diagnosed in 1992, with those friends who tell him about their struggles with the same

NRA. "I got the impression that he was getting more out of life than I ever got out of mine. Talking to Bill Bradley, you always felt that a butterfly pinned to a card."

Over the past eight years, at the highest level of public life, we've seen our deepest dancing like riddle-like on the public stage, and we've seen more children policy, for book contracts. We've seen private and public performance. (Who can deny Gore, in 1996, summarizing up his poor dad's story as a lobbyist and lawyer on an unimposing episode after a press conference, sobbing sobbing sobbing?) In, this one around, Bradley's demand for a private life that is actually private seems consistent with an elaborate that practices its discretion as when George W. Bush may or may not have ever put up his nose.

But it's a major mistake to believe that Bradley has adopted the approach as a tactic to put a singular message. He has always been a singular of a wandering, folk-like. As a senator, he was known for his

say that Al Gore, who took some of that pounding on his own head, ought to be able to use all this effectively against Bradley in his campaign.

But Bradley's fundamentalists are not Gore's. Gore was out there working hard, sweat in his eyes, doing everything right, and Bradley kept using Gore's very competence as a candidate against him, the way the neoorthodox fundamentalists of the show made the fundamentalists of dot-com cringe. Gore pulled up endorsements, and Bradley pointed him in logically reinforced by "established power." Gore won a lot of money, and Bradley subtly hung all those Bradley men around his neck again. Gore hired top members, and Bradley made them look like the laggard parade of tardy backs since Mark Hanna's lateral procession. Bradley had his own fundamentalists, and he made Gore play by them for a very long time.

The competing world was unorthodox, which means, in its political incarnation, the ability to run for president without seeming to do so, to win without winning or with the will. It meant that a few years spent with Willis Reed and Earl Warren counted for more than eighteen years spent at the height of government. It meant that chasing with Louis Armstrong and Louisiana's imports counted for more than all their lengthy stints with government jobs. It meant that the candidate's biography included politics only as a kind of anecdote—enlivened, and ultimately muted, by all the cool stuff that comes in that series' chapters. It comes probably, strangely, behind its own success plan.

"I admit I was an NBA player," Bradley says. "I have had a varied life experience. For ten years, I played the game I loved, and I have had a life since I left the Senate. I think the difference in my life experience will contribute to a very different kind of presidency."

He has used his biography shrewdly. His NBA days helped him raise money—money that he used to fund his own campaign in Madison Square Garden. Bradley got a \$1 million from people gathered to see a collection of Bradley's old friends and friends arrive. But, more than that, he's shrewdly trained early on without seeming to do so.

Each part of his life informs the others. It has become such a consensus while that it obscures the fact that having once been a professional athlete is a formidable political tool all on its own—that the 1970 New York Knicks backcourt was Bradley's PT-109.

"Obviously," Bradley says, "I think we're

a good people, but, for most people, politics has become entwined with the mechanics of winning, and the essence of politics is service. That's one of the poles."

Where was Gore supposed to go in his practical fundamentalism left him down and he seemed to be peddled at constantly for being a candidate defense enough to appear to run for office? Even the liberals were swooning over Bradley—that is, those who hadn't gone completely insane. The bond to success over John McCain—and Al Gore, five years Bradley's junior, was being transformed into an aging lack, the last part of a tired Democratic under that exhaled way back to the dim times before a substance was invented, to those Paleolithic days of 1952.

THE JEFFERSON JACKSON DAY Dinner in Des Moines is one of those lovely old traditions made more girth and less salable by the various dogs and parties of the economic age. At its core, it's a throwback to the days of one-time presidents, local clubs, and campaign luncheon in log cabin parlors. Every four years, however, as a tribute to the lower classes, the local Democrats run the thing into an engaging bore with the announced head of the Super Bowl smack upon the nose of the worst football franchise in the Big Ten conference.

Bradley and Gore both have come to speak here, and Gore is beginning to move out that team-hand made team that he is his own response to Bradley's surge in the polls. He reaches to the ball in the hands of the crowd. He means Bradley on the reason of his flight from the Senate. "Stay and fight," he Gifford tells as he strikes the stage authoritatively.

It is a legit team game, and a cue to the leader of Bradley's campaign, even if Gore manages to be completely clueless in how he means it. Either Bradley left because "politics was broken," and he's come back to fix it, or politics wasn't really "broken," and Bradley left because he'd grown bored on because the Republicans scared him and Bradley's answer—leave the personal community that he refuses to use to help build a self-improvement Bradley uncomfortable in that party area between a triangle and chicken skin which have named dozens of previous "Immigrant" candidates.

Meanwhile, the Bradley campaign is attempting to cope with an actual political issue. While he was in the Senate, Bradley was vehemently opposed to federal subsidies for ethanol, a fuel made from corn. He made several correct remarks that corn, most of which were simultaneously correct,

ethanol being a progressively biologically Un-American, it's a biologically believed by people in Iowa, where they grow most corn this time, that it is New Jersey. Opposing ethanol is Iowa is such a guarantee that John McCain, for one, has used his opposition to it as a pretext for gaining the same remedy.

On the other hand, Bradley has seen the light. He now says that he is in favor of the ethanol subsidies because he has spent some time collecting the stories of Iowa family farmers who would be lost and health without them. He says that he has talked to them in part of his ongoing education on the subject of agricultural policy. His mission—most surely his common sense—done, a fervent one as noted Anna Dietz—are packing the list against the Gore people, who are arranging to have a stack of Bradley's press not opposite an ethanol disclaimer. Great public debates out for a minute.

Other fundamentalists at night, and every one is now looking at the fact that Dan is his hand spread, with just the alphabet shows, that the letters to see that "the old politics, the politics of compromise, is still alive," and she means it, too.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY's wondrous insight that has spent almost twenty years in what can best be described as a primal leonine fan, in no small part because it had been used as a punching bag by those actual personalities who all vote Republican. In 1992, though, strong came full circle as the Great President, when war between common sense, a little respect before the rednecked daily concern.

They've gone to the mountain, more than once, poor souls. They went with Gary Hart, who did not walk alone. Some of them followed Paul Tsongas, and all others went out into the desert with Jerry Brown in whatever prophetic disguise he had adopted at the time. There have been other major secretarian movements. But none of them has arranged the faithful but Bill Bradley has, and it is on the left that his fundamental strength as a candidate is now most visible.

It is not his politics, God knows. Bradley was a consistently centrist voice in the Senate. There are those votes for the contra and for the Budget budge to explain. His subtly ambitious plan to overhaul the nation's health care system—which Bradley dismissed to grace the presidential race with actual substance, before everyone went all to talk about Naomi Wolf and Willis Reed—shows how many people dependent upon the good faith of the struc-

ture companies to run finally among the American shoguns.

On the social issues, Bradley is reliably pro-choice and reliably in favor of gay rights. He has a moral stance on the death penalty, which he favors "in cases of drug kingpins and things like the O'Jays. City bombing." A reply he makes though so quickly, it's only later that you realize his opinion on capital punishment seems to be that it's in favor of it as long as the crime goes to the level of ICN.

Nevertheless, the advantage of the national left for Bradley seems to be rooted in what he is believed to be, which has been the point of the campaign all along. They are his long himself in their means to deeply that they're themselves out. And Bradley's under-the-personal political going goes down insurance that, this time, the fearful will not be again afflicted by a plague of bombs and Chinese checkbooks.

They are the simple act of running against Al Gore—"Campaigning against established power," in the rubric of the Bradley group people—in an act of rebellion. And here, where Bradley's fundamentalists work the best. When do common issues on the other side talk about Bradley "moving left," they are subtly talking about the left moving to him, up the mountain, eyes gleaming.

"In each party, there's always been the establishment and the neophytes," explains John Tugue, a lawyer and an old McCarthy hand in New Hampshire from the heady days of 1968. "In '68, we were the neophytes, and that year it's the same thing. The established power is behind Al Gore." There is little doubt that, in Bradley, people like John Tugue have their own secret mind.

He can come to contemporary health issues in places like Bradley's in Boston, and he can listen intently, ask cogent questions, and say things like, "The key thing is to be well about the importance of community health centers. If you start up some tell me about something that has helped to sustain, that's the way you communicate the importance of what a community health center is," and they hear it through from the high ground.

"I haven't been as excited since Bobby Kennedy," one old Massachusetts liberal said, and he meant it, too, hearing some song of his own in the sound of things of the chosen heart.

THESE IS SURSTANCE to his borders. Because he seems to study it, grasping its limits, planning its depths, talking it around in his mind. When he is bored, in

an often appears to be, Bill Bradley seems more fascinated with his own boredom than most people are with their boredom. But when he talks about his experience with race, his eyes steady up and they shine, and there is a glint, quick and fleeting, not of something that's been learned but of something that simply is—visual and personal. It is not a reason of this, many, often there is a reason to see.

"When I was a young man, the summer in college when I went out to teach in Harlem," he says, "was the urban subculture. I didn't know about everybody out in the street at night—families and names and grandsons. That was the energy then. I didn't know the rhythms of the street." And, on back of the story, you can hear the echoes of authenticity, that comparing word of the election, swinging against the fierce power of social fear and not working, not working at all, and maybe not working ever.

He has been more in talking about race here, not in the most open in this way all his past, not in the Jordan area. For Bradley, the issue that he maintains in control back to his campaign and to his life, the civil-right's race, it's not yet complete, and here he runs up against not only twenty years of American politics, but also against the limits of his campaign.

He has not done so unexcited. He was excited in *The New Republic* for ap-

African-American writers—especially in the South—continue remarkably content. And among white voters, Bradley is attempting to engage the issue of the subtle migration of the country, which is something that many people don't think about—and if they do, they're just as liable to blame Al Sharpton for it.

Bradley repeatedly argues on the stage that "in my administration, the way to phase the issue will be to have done something that does to promote racial unity in this country." But, more often, Bradley talks about race the way that he talks about everything else—something organic, in a process, in something organic, and not held in order for an all to come over every January on Martin's birthday. However, he also talks about it quietly—speaking his language diplomatically—and there's the real heart in his campaign. This is the place where his fundamentalist work working. It's a peak, hardly into the clouds of his last.

It's not his long, my life's story is this story," he wrote means, "it would be the story of a public figure, but it would be the story of the content between the public figure, who is supposed to further his public goals, and the humanity of the man when he is not in a public place.

"In a sense, in what he is doing, Bill is very vulnerable."

If it is no work, this campaign, if it is to

**"Talking to Bill Bradley, you always felt like a butterfly pinned to a card," recalls Tom Heinsohn, an old rival from the NBA. Even his former Knicks teammates are quick to point out that they didn't know what Bradley did in the off-season. Throughout his life, he has demanded an interior life that actually is interior.**

pressing on a stage in Harlem with Al Sharpton, and his attempt to argue that his experience with the Knicks was an education in race has been noticed both in that publication and from across the pond by its second most notable cultural critic. "A paradox, self-sustaining locus," moaned Andrew Sullivan in *The New York Times*. "Because as a professional basketball player he had played of interaction with black Americans, he clearly has a unique insight into their 'blight.'" As opposed to, one imagines, those insights gleaned in a boy cadet at the Ivy Prep.

Now, even granting that anyone who reads *TIME* for the subject of race probably reads *Playboy* for the subject of the subject, it is understandable that Bradley's focus on race has rivaled him very little. Gore's hold on

all his flip-flops on things like ethanol as a conscience, if he is going to be a politician without politics, and especially if he is going to move beyond the title category of race, he's going to have to become pro-choice one day, and that he may be asked to give something he doesn't want to deliver. It may be possible about his partners, to show something that he may not be able to show. What will he do then, a friend of all the means except his own? Will he remember the key to home? Or will he be told of a doctored heart breaking?

THE CANDIDATE is rocking. He is not rocking as fast as the chair in the Mount Wilson Report. Church in Des Moines, and he is not sitting as hard as Jesus Tugue, a [continued on page 154]





# A Certain

There's always been something about French women. And now whatever it is, they're doing it again.

# Something

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Emmanuelle  
Seigner



Vanessa  
Paradis

Vanessa Paradis is a French actress, singer, and model. She is known for her role in the 1998 film "The English Patient" and for her music career. She is also known for her relationship with actor Johnny Depp.

Elodie Bouchez



REMARK: WHAT IS IT? THE FILM *THE CREMATOR* (in which she won a Best Actress Award at Cannes) and her mythical hot face of it is so changeable that you can't get a handle on what she looks like best. She is so hot, she's a pain in the neck, and then, she's empty beautiful, that kind of confidence and calm that when her face shows in all her work (as you can see), and soon you'll be able to see more of it. The dead woman (she's called) twenty six, is working on two indie movies in the U.S. Now she's called *The Boulevard* and the other called *Shooting Vegetables*. Is it a uniquely French thing to feel so completely at ease with your body? "My body is just part of my material for the actresses," she says. "It's just fresh, you know?"

PHOTOGRAPHED IN LOS ANGELES NOVEMBER 20, 1999



## Marie Gillain

Marie Gillain is a French actress and model. She is known for her roles in the films "The 400 Blows" and "The 400 Blows". She is also known for her work in the film "The 400 Blows". She is a French actress and model. She is known for her roles in the films "The 400 Blows" and "The 400 Blows". She is also known for her work in the film "The 400 Blows".

## Judith Godrø

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BY ALEC  
WILKINSON

# a gun shot

Dr. Stephen Scher tried to go shooting with his best friend, Martin Dillon. Over time, Dr. Scher fell in love with Martin Dillon's wife. One day, Dillon was killed in a tragic accident. Scher thought no one would ever know. Dillon's family thought that Scher would pay. They were both wrong.

PHOTOGRAPH

BY JAMES FEE







# What I've Learned John Wooden

Basketball coach, 89, Encino, California

INTERVIEWED BY CAL FUSMAN

**They called me the Duke Rubber Man in high school because every time I went down on the court, I bounced right up. Now I've had my hip replaced, and my knees aren't my good. I'm old. I accept it. One of my great granddaughters said, "Pa Pa, you don't like an old man." I said, "Well, honey, what am I?" Discipline yourself and others won't need to.**

**You can do more good by being good than any other way.**

**If I were ever persecuted for my religion, I truly hope there would be enough evidence to convict. I'll never adjust to the loss of Nellie. We were married for fifty-three years. No man ever had a finer wife. Prior to her loss, I had some fear of death. Now I have no fear. I look forward to seeing her again.**

**Passion is necessary, love is enduring.**

**Be more concerned with your character than your reputation.**

**If I am through learning, I am through.**

**My father gave me a two-dollar bill for my grade-school graduation and said, "Hold on to this and you'll never be broke." I still have it. A lot of times, that's all I've had. But I've never been broke.**

**The most I made coaching was \$12,300. Maybe I didn't have a million dollars contract like Shaquille O'Neal, but he'll never know what it was like to get a good meal for twenty-five cents.**

**Don't let making a living prevent you from making a life.**

**I had an emergency appendectomy when I was due to leave aboard the USS *Franklin* in the South Pacific, and the person who took my place was killed by a kamikaze just a short time after he boarded the ship. It was me I would have been in the identical place that he was. I didn't know where you call it. Some call it fate. I don't know. Things happen, but we don't know the reason.**

**Pick up your own orange peels.**

**I don't think I was a fine game coach. I'm trying to be honest. I think I was a good practice coach. It could tell you right now what we did at every practice I had at UCLA—every day, every minute. It's all on paper. When my son was in high school, he wanted a car. I said, "You work hard in the summer and save up for half, and I'll pay the other half." So he saved up, and it came home one day and Nellie was distraught. Jim had given her money to a friend. I said to her, "Do you think you'll get a back?" He said, "Dad, what did you always teach me? He's my friend. Haven't I heard you say your greatest joy is doing something for someone with no thought of something in return?" Hearing your own words come back at you can make you smile. Later that year, his friend paid him back.**

**Never take a job like the guy in church who coughs loudly just before putting money into the offering plate.**

**Remember more from Lewis and Clark about each's humanity to man than from anybody else.**

**These three rules for my players: No profanity. Don't criticize a teammate. Never be late.**

**If a player's not doing the things he should, put it on the bench. He'll come around.**

**It isn't believe in praying to win.**

**What was your best off? After we'd won a championship, a reporter asked one of my players what kind of real problems we had on the team. The player said, "You don't know our coach, do you?"**

**Coming off the floor after the NCAA semifinal win over Louisville in 1975, it just let me know to go. It was an emotional thing. I can't explain it. I went to the dressing room, congratulated my players. I said, "I don't know how we'll do against Kentucky, but regardless of the outcome, I never had a more enjoyable game. It's been a great year, and I'm proud of you. This will be the last year I'll ever coach."**

**Never let your emotions override your head.**

**Never say never. It**



# Sex & Suits & the City

In Naples, the cradle of Italian style, Esquire demonstrates that there's nothing appreciable or sacred about the two-piece. In fact, a good suit is the quickest route to achieving *mas alla figura*—years and hours.

Esquire Style

Photographs by Kate Bolero



## Cool&Hot

Welcome to the Overlook, a sophisticated corner of Naples where fashion aficionados as many as 800 weather weekend fairs and where a classic woman could easily be mistaken for a modern day Sylvia Marlene, the ex-girlfriend of coffee machine owner. THIS PAGE: the fabric polyester and cotton jumpsuits with (L) 100% cotton (R) 100% cotton and (L) 100% cotton (R) 100% cotton.

and (L) 100% (R) 100% by Giorgio Armani. On Naples: New and used by Dolce & Gabbana. OPPOSITE PAGE: On Naples: called and (L) 100% (R) 100% and (L) 100% (R) 100% by Dolce & Gabbana.



[illegible]

Jump&Jive





## Guys & Dolls

The original words are "Guys & Dolls" and "Guys & Dolls" are the names of the two main characters of the film. The film is a musical comedy that tells the story of two gamblers who fall in love. The film is based on the 1951 Broadway musical of the same name. The film is a classic example of the "Guys & Dolls" genre, which is a subgenre of the musical comedy. The film is a classic example of the "Guys & Dolls" genre, which is a subgenre of the musical comedy.

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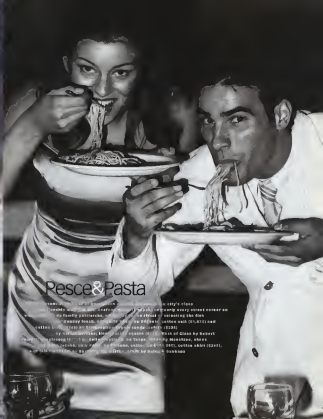
**Suit&Spin**

In a world of new and improved, the classic design remains the triumph of choice for couples looking to go away together to who populated with thousands of the besting restaurants, which were first introduced in 1984. Two more - no more, three-quarter inch pleats and suit (1970) and cotton shirt (1970) by Michael Kors (1970), leather jacket (1970) by Michael Kors, HUGO BOSS (1970), and nylon shirt (1970) by Fred Perry, HUGO BOSS, HUGO BOSS.

**Suit&Spin**

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## Resce&Pasta

...the best of both worlds, a delicious meal, and a great way to enjoy the city's finest food. Resce&Pasta is a new restaurant in the heart of the city, offering a variety of dishes that are both delicious and healthy. The menu is inspired by the best of Italian cuisine, with a focus on fresh ingredients and traditional recipes. The restaurant is located in a beautiful building with a large outdoor terrace, perfect for enjoying the view and the sun. Resce&Pasta is a must-visit for anyone who loves good food and a great atmosphere.

Us&Them

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For more information  
see page 140







ESQUIRE FICTION

TITLE

AUTHOR

THE WISH

JOANNA SCOTT

DESCRIPTION

THIS IS HIS TIME. HIS TIME IS UP.

SYNOPSIS

KAMON GILBERT WOKE UP ON THE MORNING OF THE LAST DAY OF HIS LIFE AT 6:19 AND IN THE MINUTE BEFORE HIS ALARM WENT OFF THOUGHT SOMETHING TO THIS EFFECT: TO EXIST IN SPACE, TO HAVE A BODY THAT CAN BE AROUSED, SENSES THAT GIVE PROOF OF JOY, TO BE IN LOVE, TO BE IN LOVE AND







# FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT ACCENTS

## TALIESIN TABLE LAMP

In 1925, Frank Lloyd Wright created a wooden table lamp for his own home, Taliesin. We've reimaged it on a more versatile scale. The solid birch construction and laminated paper shade evoke the peopled forms favored by Wright. The Mini Table Lamp, 16 1/2" x 11 1/2" x 12 1/2", stylishly illuminates your home or office. Each item's authenticity is certified by the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation trademark. As a further guarantee of quality, every lamp is individually signed and numbered. A portion of the sales are donated to the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation. Available in three finishes:

A082671 Cherry Wood (shown) \$350.00  
A082672 Vandyke Walnut \$358.00  
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This gift arrangement contains a "tasting basket" of our most popular gourmet chocolates. For starters, there is a 5 lb. box filled with our award-winning assortment of caramels, milk & gourmet chocolates. We have also added our irresistible body chocolate and a rich chocolate. Throughout the basket you will find an array of chocolate treats, including 8 long stem chocolate roses in red champagne bottles filled with chocolate. To top it off, we have added our body chocolate and a rich chocolate. Throughout the basket you will find an array of chocolate treats, including 8 long stem chocolate roses in red champagne bottles filled with chocolate. To top it off, we have added our body chocolate and a rich chocolate.



### Premium Basket...

This specialty basket is overflowing with gourmet chocolate delights. Inside you will find an 8 lb. selection box filled with an irresistible blend of caramels, milk and gourmet chocolates. No time like the present to treat a loved one with this basket of gourmet chocolates and a 1200 Bitter Ball. Throughout the basket you will find an array of chocolate treats, including 8 long stem chocolate roses in red champagne bottles filled with chocolate. To top it off, we have added our body chocolate and a rich chocolate.

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## America

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"Okay," Brown says. "But the public is starting to be aware. There's going to be a more examination of what's happening in the streets of Seattle."

"Right," says the surprised man. "And there's to be serious examination if you are there with us."

"Things will change so much if you started with us."

"You doing the best I can, brother."

By now Durdowski has a crowd of about fifty kids around him, and it's touching how grateful they are to see him there. They seem almost eager for an all-inclusive, for solidifying with a guy in a suit. They're shaking his hand and telling him their stories. The singer closes most notes to the crowd and says, "I'm not sure if he's actually believing what he's saying." [www.fox.com/news/entertainment/2007-07-17](http://www.fox.com/news/entertainment/2007-07-17)

And suddenly, the sun starts to shine.

gates. But on the premonition, he and a few "cops" found two gas canisters and a wooden pallet stacked against walls and cars. Someone shouted, "Gasoline!" Darrow, who is in the show "Darrow" says he's going to go talk to the cops and beg the kids to get on the side walk, but as the approachers (the police) see, the cops suddenly notice gas and more premonition. Darrow mentions the windows at the Fleet Zone and people pull out and wants the window to the ground. I can't say it's "I'm, but pushing from those big, shining, it looks like it might be. Quickly a line of kids forms in front of the window to prevent looting, and they stand there for the next hour, and some one seems to be on the case.

**BACK UP AT THE DAM CENTER**, Ely is busy leading us out, releasing from the bus. People talk about this being the beginning of something. They're planning more protests, workshops, a summer circuit to train more activists, expanding their data base. Someone announces that the police have agreed to let DAM lawyers onto the site. A cheer erupts.

Over by the Elms Underground's cash table, an angelic eight-year-old girl named Megan is serving us. After she tells me about getting kidnapped, I ask her how long she's been working for Elms.

I point to DEACON BROWN. "Is this your *bill*?"

"No," she says, pointing to a man with long hair and a droopy mustache. "That's my father. He's not here."

She's awesomely self-possessed, a total badass the whole time. "That hairy fellow!"

"to"

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<sup>a</sup> And (Duck).

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